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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1915.

Summary of the News

The text of the American reply to the Austrian note of June 29, in which the United States was requested to place an embargo on the export of arms to the Allies, was published in the morning papers of Monday. The note, which was dated August 12 and was dispatched to Vienna on the following day, contains the strongest possible reaffirmation of the American position on the question of the right of a neutral country to sell arms to any belligerent, citing in support of this right the former practice of Germany and Austria, especially during the South African war.

The reply to the last German note on the case of the William P. Frye was presented to the Foreign Office in Berlin on August 13. The text of this note was published on Tuesday. The German proposals for payment of compensation are accepted; and it is agreed that the disputed treaty provisions be submitted for arbitration at The Hague, but Germany is asked meanwhile for a statement as to whether she intends to conduct her future naval operations in accordance with her interpretation of the Prussian-American treaty or that of the United States.

With the concentration of Austro-German forces on the Servian frontier and the renewal of the bombardment of Belgrade late last week, it is generally considered that the crisis of the situation is near at hand. Both the Greek and the Servian Parliaments met on Monday, and it is expected that in the course of their debates a determination on a definite line of action will be reached. In Greece, the Ministry of M. Gounaris, defeated on Monday in the election of a President of the Chamber, resigned, and the resignation was accepted by the King on Tuesday, when M. Venizelos was called into conference. In general, the situation has remained as we described it last week, its issue depending on the concessions of territory which Greece and Servia are prepared to make to Bulgaria. Rumania last week removed the prohibitions against the export of grain, beans, lentils and peas, and petroleum, but has shown no signs of yielding to the German demands for the transport of munitions for Turkey through Rumanian territory.

According to the current issue of the *Army and Navy Journal*, which professes to speak on high authority, the German submarine "blockade" has been more costly to those who are carrying it on than has been generally supposed. "Nearly fifty German submarines," says the *Army and Navy Journal*, "have been sunk, captured, or destroyed by the Allies up to the 20th of July." This is a higher estimate of the loss than has generally been calculated, but it does not appear extravagant when one considers the frequent accidents that overtake these frail craft even during manœuvres. During the week since we wrote last the Germans have rather improved their average, having sunk eleven trawlers and ten other merchant vessels. Of the latter, six were British, four Norwegian, one French, and one Russian. In addition, a British steamer was torpedoed and run aground. On Tuesday news came that the British transport Royal Edward was torpedoed in the Ægean last Saturday with a loss of some 1,000 lives.

The New York *World* has undertaken the publication of a series of articles, supported by documentary evidence, exposing some of the origins and extent of the German propaganda in this country. As we point out in our editorial columns, the principal impression one receives from a perusal of this curious narrative is of the almost incredible blundering and stupidity which have characterized the conduct of the German propaganda, whether on the part of personages high in the estimation of the German Government or on that of so insignificant an individual as George Sylvester Viereck.

The German Embassy in Washington gave out for publication in Monday morning's papers a memorandum on the alleged misuse of neutral markings by British merchantmen, citing sixty-two cases in which British ships had endeavored to disguise their nationality.

A digest of a new Red Book issued by the Austrian Government was published in the papers of August 11. The present document sets forth in greater detail than the first the correspondence that passed between the Austrian and Italian Governments in the period from July 20, 1914, to May 23, 1915.

Official returns of foreign business of the United States for the fiscal year ended June 30 show that imports fell off during the year $219,755,917, while exports increased by $386,494,440. The trade balance in favor of the United States was $1,042,008,725.

An interesting statement was made by Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador to Petrograd, in an interview cabled to the London *Daily Mail*, and thence to the New York *Times* on Monday. The Ambassador made the disclosure with regard to the much-discussed first attack on the Dardanelles that when Turkey declared war Russia appealed to Great Britain to make a demonstration in some quarter which would have the effect of drawing off a portion of the Turkish troops in the Caucasus.

A large shipment of gold and securities from the Bank of England to J. P. Morgan & Co. arrived in New York on August 11. The total value of the gold was nearly $20,000,000, and the securities were said to be worth some $30,000,000. The shipment has not served to check the downward movement of sterling exchange, which on Tuesday was at $4.64½, a decline of eleven points since the same day the preceding week.

A Parliamentary cabal, which has apparently been going on for some time against the French Ministry, and in particular against M. Millerand, Minister of War, and General Joffre, appears in the last few days to have been killed by healthy publicity. The French Government, according to dispatches from Paris on Monday, has announced that it will welcome open debate of the matter, and it seems obvious that the Government has the overwhelming support of public opinion.

The text of the note, bearing date of August 11, addressed by Secretary Lansing and representatives of six Latin-American republics to leaders of various Mexican factions, was published in Sunday's papers. Comment on the substance of the note will be found elsewhere. General Carranza, though he is understood to be willing to facilitate the dispatch of the note to the various leaders, apparently remains obdurate, reiterating his contention that he has the situation in hand and continuing to clamor for recognition.

On August 12 the Interstate Commerce Commission rendered a decision reducing the rates on anthracite coal from the producing districts in the Wyoming, Lehigh, and Schuylkill regions of Pennsylvania to tidewater and to certain interior points from five to eighty cents per ton.

Six indictments charging manslaughter and criminal carelessness were returned in the Criminal Court in Chicago on August 11 in connection with the disaster to the steamship Eastland. Those indicted were four officers of the company that owns the Eastland and the captain and engineer of the ship.

As a result of the recent inquiry in regard to unfair practices in examinations at Annapolis, it was officially announced on Monday that President Wilson had ordered two midshipmen dismissed from the Naval Academy, that others were to be disciplined, and that radical changes had been recommended in the method of conducting examinations.

The climax of the Frank drama in Georgia was reached on Monday night, when Frank was kidnapped from the State Prison Farm at Milledgeville by a band of armed ruffians. The warden and prison guards were apparently overpowered and Frank was carried off in an automobile. He was taken to Marietta and was there lynched.

The Haytian National Assembly on August 12 elected General Dartiguenave President of the Republic. The new President, it is understood, will not be recognized by the Government of the United States until he has given some evidence of his ability to guarantee the maintenance of peace, the security of life and property, and the adjustment of outstanding foreign indebtedness. Meanwhile, on account of disturbed conditions due to the factions of Bobo and Zamor, the United States is exercising military control at Cape Haytien as well as at Port-au-Prince.

Dispatches from Peking on Tuesday contained a curious story, which is not to be accepted without considerably more confirmation than it has at present received, that President Yuan Shih-Kai contemplates proclaiming himself Emperor of China and that his design is supported by the advice of Professor Goodnow, of Johns Hopkins University, legal adviser to the Chinese Government.

The Week

Surprise, with a tinge of ridicule, has been expressed at the exceedingly mild-mannered Pan-American note to Mexico. Something in the 'Ercles vein was apparently expected by many. But they should, in the first place, remember Mexican pride and sensitiveness, which had to be politely considered, and, next, should not overlook the substance as distinguished from the form of the note. It is signed "severally and independently," yet in the sentiments uttered the countries represented agree "unanimously." This at once assures the desired impression of Pan-American solidarity. By it the Mexican leaders and the Mexican people cannot but be influenced. And they will not fail to observe that the note ends with the statement that an answer will be looked for within ten days. This is not an ultimatum, of course, but it is the sort of time-limit that appears in ultimatums. What remains behind, the note does not say—and wisely. That is better left to the Mexican imagination. For the present, it is enough that a clear and friendly appeal has unitedly been made to the Mexicans to leave off their desolating and aimless fighting, and that the distinct intimation has been given that indefinite delay or shilly-shallying will not be tolerated.

As a matter of fact, the news from Mexico gives more encouragement to the hope of a peaceful settlement than for some time past. The mass of the people seem thoroughly sick of the senseless war, and eager for its cessation. We read of several Mexican States declaring officially that they have now done with the conflict. And the military operations themselves appear to be drawing to a close. It may not yet be true that Villa's power is hopelessly broken, but it is evident that his partisans are despairing of his success, and are daily abandoning him, while he himself has suddenly become most sweetly reasonable in his desires for peace. As for Carranza, it must be plain to him, or to his agent at Washington, that he got an absurdly false idea of what the Pan-American note was to be, and exploded his preliminary wrath quite needlessly. If he will now get off his high horse and show himself ready to act upon any reasonable suggestions for compromise and peace, a better day for Mexico may come earlier than any of us had thought possible.

The restoration of Mr. W. W. Russell to his post as Minister to Santo Domingo indicates, we trust, a change of heart in the President. He consented to Mr. Bryan's degradation of the diplomatic service probably for the sake of peace, and in accordance with his theory that Cabinet officers should have complete authority in their departments. It is even reported that Mr. Bryan assured the President that there were special reasons why a man so preëminently fit as Mr. Sullivan to handle the delicate Santo Domingo situation should replace Mr. Russell—Mr. Sullivan's fitness being doubtless his experience as counsel for "Jack" Rose. Whether this is correct or not, that gross blunder of Mr. Bryan brought its own punishment. Now, what the Administration should do is to avoid further scandal by rapidly removing other Bryan misfits and replacing them with men of Mr. Russell's experience in diplomacy. Everything in Mr. Lansing's career points to his sympathy with a policy of this kind. He is not a politician, but one versed in diplomacy, who understands the need for skill and training in this field. Indeed, he is the last man to wish to find places for the "boys," as Mr. Bryan asked Minister Sullivan to do in Santo Domingo. Surely, Mr. Wilson owes it to his future standing in history to rehabilitate the service as quickly as possible.

There is no need to put words to the rack in order to seek to express the full horror and shame of the lynching of Leo Frank in Georgia. Everything conspires to fix public attention upon this latest and culminating murder by the mob. The crime was committed, as it were, in full sight of the nation. The victim, whether innocent or guilty of the act with which he was originally charged, had come to be a public figure of tragedy. His trial; the long legal fight to save his life; the exhausting, by his friends and counsel, of every judicial recourse; the final commutation of his sentence; the murderous assault upon him in prison, his surviving which seemed almost a miracle; and now this fiendish taking off—surely, nothing more is needed to fasten the gaze of a whole people upon this supreme exhibition of the spirit of lawlessness. Cries and epithets avail nothing. The awful spectacle speaks for itself. We can only turn away from it with a shudder to ask what it all means and what can be done about it.

We fear that the Georgia authorities cannot be acquitted of negligence. For this lynching was visibly preparing. It was foreshadowed by outcry in a portion of the press. Throughout many parts of the State there was a bitter and mounting agitation against the former Governor, Mr. Slaton, for commuting Frank's sentence to life-imprisonment. This had been done in due process of law, and in full accordance with the established criminal procedure of Georgia; but thousands were asserting that it ought not to be submitted to. Ex-Gov. Brown most unwisely kept up the clamor. Tom Watson was reported to be eagerly making a political issue of the affair. Reputable newspapers, like the Augusta *Chronicle*, protested against further discussion of the case, but the mutterings and the threats were all the time rising in volume. That the State officials should have been warned by this, and have taken steps to protect the prisoner, seems to us clear. But reproaches on that score are idle. If the Government of Georgia, however, does not wish to be openly disgraced, and made a shame and a hissing before the whole world, it will exert all its energy and employ every resource of criminal prosecution, to run down and punish condignly the murderers of Leo Frank.

Superintendent Fullam, of the Naval Academy, does well to be angry over the result of the investigation into the charges of cheating at examinations. He is not the first Superintendent at Annapolis whose recommendations regarding disciplinary measures have been overruled at Washington, nor are there any signs that he will be the last. His seven midshipmen, marked for punishment, have been reduced to two, in accordance with the usual inclination to mercy in the office of the Secretary of the Navy, where Congressmen have a power of persuasion that they lack in the headquarters of the Superintendent. Admiral Fullam's reported remark that he would rather go to sea in command of a collier than remain at the head of the Academy if his action was not upheld, does him honor. It also explains the reluctance with which officers are apt to accept the post of Superintendent. One can have no heart in trying to bring or hold the institution up to proper standards of discipline when one is aware that a midshipman's appeal to Uncle So-and-So or to a friend of mamma's will cause activity at both the Capitol and the Navy Department which one is powerless to counteract, since to oppose "influence" one has nothing stronger than the mere merits of the case.

The sinking of a British transport in the Ægean is the swift German reply to recent

assertions that the submarine menace there had disappeared, and is a reprisal for the sinking of various Turkish transports. It brings out in clearest light the extraordinary work done by the British navy in protecting the transports which by the hundred, from the beginning of the war, have plied back and forth across the Channel. Whatever the precautions the British navy has taken, the fact is that the Germans have been unable to use their submarine weapon upon this vital line of supply of the British army. Poor little steam trawlers they can sink by the dozen—ignoble game that they are, and having no serious relation to the food supply of Great Britain. But for all the threatening of von Tirpitz, they have not bagged a single provision ship in the Channel, much less a transport. It is a fact upon which, curiously enough, Capt. Persius and the other Berlin naval experts cannot find space to comment.

The playwright would have his fortune made who could put into his third act even a fraction of the suspense with which the world hangs to-day upon the razor-edge situation in the Balkans. Yet the one fact that has so far emerged above the swirling tide of rumor and conjecture and fear brings hope to the Allies. The Greek Cabinet has fallen; the return of Venizelos to power seems assured. From German quarters we are told that it is a chastened Venizelos who will resume the reins of government, that the lesson of the German victories in Poland has been learned in the Balkans. But up to the last moment German opinion was equally certain of Italy's neutrality, and Italy actually entered the war when the dimensions of the Russian disaster were pretty well recognized. In favor of the Allies is the very change of the situation in Russia. The Allies are ready to give more than they were prepared to offer four months ago, and the Balkan states have less cause to fear that Russia will be the chief gainer by whatever success they can bring to the cause of the Allies. If they enter the war, and the Allies win, the Balkans will have won their own battle, and the fruits of victory will not be taken from them.

An Austro-German attack upon Servia, of which the bombardment of Belgrade may be the preliminary, would be for the purpose of subjugating the Servian kingdom, and not, as is frequently stated, for the purpose of getting through an army to the aid of the Turks on Gallipoli. Even if Servia is overrun, the Austro-Germans cannot reach Constantinople without crossing Bulgarian soil. In other words, Bulgaria would have to grant free passage to the Teutonic troops. Under the German conception, this would be no violation of neutrality, since it is what Belgium was asked to do at the beginning of the war. Conceivably, the Bulgarians might take a different view from the Belgians and stand aside for the Teutonic armies; it is conceivable, but highly improbable. At any rate, the Allies would naturally accept such action by Bulgaria as tanamount to hostilities. It is a question, therefore, whether the Kaiser is prepared to expose the Balkan nations to the test. The probabilities, it seems, are that, in case a Servian campaign develops and it proves successful for the Teutonic armies, these will be content with the actual results of the conquest and the great moral effect on the other Balkan nations. For if these nations have no alternative to entering the war, it is not yet imaginable to find them arrayed on the side of Austria, with its ambitions in the Ægean, and of their hereditary enemy, the Turks.

Dissensions in the ranks of the German Socialists seem to have culminated in an actual party secession. That Liebknecht should be among the signers of the recent manifesto protesting against further support of a Government apparently bent upon plans of conquest, is natural enough. But he has with him Eduard Bernstein, for many years the chief representative of the Revisionist or moderate tendency in the party. Still more striking is the adhesion of Haase, who was Parliamentary spokesman for the party at the outbreak of the conflict and in the voting of the two war loans. On those occasions Haase justified his action on the ground that the war was one of defence. To-day he maintains that it is plainly resolving itself into one of conquest. Liebknecht, Bernstein, and Haase now advocate a refusal to vote any more war credits. As a natural result, the patriotic Socialists have swerved to the other extreme, and announced their support of the Government in terms that foreshadow almost the abandonment of Socialist principles. The movement is probably regarded at Berlin with mixed feelings It is inconvenient to have a strong faction clamoring for peace and trying to force the hand of the Government. On the other hand, the prospect of a permanent cleft among the Socialists must be welcomed as a guarantee that the aftermath of the war will not see the Socialist uprising which has been predicted in some quarters. A party torn in two is hardly in a position to threaten the security of the established order. As it is, the reported intention of Liebknecht to question the Government as to its attitude towards conquest and peace is evidence that the party issue is to be forced at once.

We may take it that the new "King of independent Poland" within the Hapsburg monarchy will be some time in coming. His title at present seems to be derived from the war correspondents. This appears to be the regular aftermath of victory. Last autumn the defeat of the Austrians around Lemberg was followed by very much the same "separate peace" talk as we have now, and when the Austro-Germans in September moved against Warsaw and Ivangorod, they were supposed to carry with them an Austrian archduke ready to enter Warsaw as King of Poland. It is certain that Berlin and Vienna will wait for a fairly definite assurance of general victory before they make the dramatic venture. Aside from the question of victory, the erection of a new Slav kingdom under the Hapsburgs is not a matter to be decided in a day, or to be put through without very definite effects on conditions in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy as it is to-day. Will the Hungarians, for example, welcome the addition of some ten million Slavs to the monarchy, with a virtual overturn of the present racial balance? At present Hungary is the dominant partner in the Hapsburg firm. That position she hopes to retain after the war. But if Austria wins emphatically enough to annex Poland, it also means victory over the Serbs in the south; in other words, an enormous addition to the Slav element in the monarchy which would crush Magyar influence under the sheer weight of numbers.

Great comfort is taken by the German press in the Belgian diplomatic correspondence captured at Brussels, and now published under German care. It all relates to five or six years ago, when the Entente was forming, but is proof enough to the German editorial mind that England was then plotting war, and so is responsible for the war declared last year by Germany. This is, of course, to ignore the offers made in July, 1914, by Sir Edward Grey. If he had been seeking the war, he was strangely reluctant to let it begin. He would have allowed Germany to call an international congress where and when and how she chose, to avert the war. But the Kaiser would not have it. And apparently he would now have us for-

get that he ever received the chance. Full proof of the perfidy of England and Belgium the German newspapers admit that they have not been able to discover in the archives at Brussels. The implication is that the incriminating documents were removed to Havre. One wonders what sort of diplomatic correspondence would be found in Vienna or Berlin, if a hostile army should take one or both of those cities. At least, the treacherous English published their dispatches. Germany edited a few of hers, and suppressed those which it would have been inconvenient to print.

How many men has England at present under arms or in training? On July 20, Lord Devonport, a critic of the Government, speaking in the House of Lords, took it for granted that 3,000,000 men had joined the colors. Unionist peers are not given to overestimates, as we may gather from Lord Lansdowne's famous admission that less than half a million British were recently on the firing line. Taking, then, 3,000,000 for the volunteer army, we must add the military strength of Great Britain at the outbreak of the war, the official establishment then being 727,000 men. Of these a quarter of a million were Territorials, but the figures did not include the army in India. It is not certain whether Lord Devonport included the Canadians and Australians in his three millions, though from the context it would appear that he did not. He certainly did not include the native Indian contingent. Thus the total supply of fighting men would be three millions and three-quarters, or, if we include the Colonials, about 3,825,000. Up to the very day on which Lord Devonport spoke in the Lords, the official British casualties on land from the beginning of the war, in all theatres, was a little less than 322,000, of whom about four-fifths were wounded. Of these wounded, half should have returned, or be in a way of returning, to the front, leaving the net waste at about 180,000 men. Subtract this sum from 3,825,000, and you get 3,645,000 men as the present strength of the British forces, in the field and in training, regular army and Territorial.

These great numbers only give point to the now classic question, Where *is* the English army? For in the west the British hold but thirty miles out of a total of 500 miles. Many answers have been forthcoming. A great part of the volunteer army is, of course, still in training. Large reinforcements, it is now certain, have been sent and are still going to the Dardanelles. But unquestionably very large numbers are at home and in France, ready to enter the battle line, but waiting for heavy guns and ammunition. This leaves out of consideration possible questions of military policy; whether, for instance, it is the Allied plan to stand still in the west and to keep piling up millions of men for the formation of that "phalanx" which alone can break through modern intrenchments. As between the men ready to enter the battle line and those still in training, we have the following data: Last November it was announced that a million recruits had been obtained. These men have now had nine months' training or more. Add the three-quarters of a million in the establishment at the outbreak of the war and the Colonials and Indians, and subtract the waste, calculated above, of about 180,000 men, and you get about 1,650,000 men now available who have had from nine months to a year's training or more. If we reduce the training period to six months we have to add another half-million.

The reduction in the rates on anthracite, ordered by the Interstate Commerce Commission, is less of a surprise to the railways than to the public. What makes it particularly unwelcome to the former is that it comes on top of the disappointingly small increase in rates on other traffic granted recently. Each decision, in the minds of those most closely concerned, aggravates the other. Upon its merits, however, the anthracite reduction can hardly be challenged. As the Commission pointed out, this product is a "low-grade" commodity. It is handled by machinery, in all kinds of weather, placed on cars loaded regularly to their maximum capacity, in trains of maximum tonnage, and is unperishable. Yet it has been paying a higher rate than other commodities that do not possess these advantages of shipment. The Commission did not stop here. It went on to criticise certain practices of the railways, stigmatizing one of these practices as involving "unlawful rebates," and remarking that it "cannot overlook the fact that some force has brought the production and sale of most of the tonnage of this commodity under their control."

No other action of the New York Constitutional Convention is likely to be interesting in so many respects as its rejection on Monday night of the Barnes amendment, warranted to stave off any further workmen's compensation or widows' pension legislation. For its decisive vote against this proposal, the Convention is to be congratulated. The incident is not without importance as a demonstration of Mr. Barnes's influence in this body, since, with characteristic skill, he threw the short-ballot amendment into the scale, thereby bringing to his side Brooklyn Republicans whose convictions upon "social" legislation were shadowy, but who were willing to express their appreciation of a leader's opposition to an amendment that they disliked by recording their votes for one that he favored. The pitiful showing that he made after even this stroke renders it impossible for persons who are predetermined against the outcome of the Convention's labors, whatever that may be, to damn it by declaring that "Barnes" is written across it. Moreover, the whole State may lay aside partisanship long enough to rejoice with forward-looking Republicans in the spectacle of Barnes and his faithful few, including Lemuel E. Quigg, on one side, and on the other Elihu Root, George W. Wickersham, Henry L. Stimson, Herbert Parsons, and a majority of prominent Republicans, speaking and voting against a truly reactionary proposal.

The Governorship of Mississippi should hold no terrors for its next occupant. The Hon. Theodore G. Bilbo, who has won the Democratic nomination over four competitors, came into prominence, or notoriety, by "exposing" one Dulaney, who, according to Bilbo, had attempted to bribe him to vote for Percy for the United States Senate. Dulaney, it appeared, had actually given Bilbo $500 in currency. There was strong suspicion, openly expressed, that Bilbo was not actuated by any high purpose in this incident, but was merely trying to "sell out." However, Dulaney was acquitted. The Mississippi Senate had an investigation and censured Bilbo. In spite of these and other episodes, he was elected Lieutenant-Governor. While holding that position, he was indicted, along with a Senator, upon a charge involving something like bribery. Again he was acquitted. Then he ran for Governor, and all that remains between him and the office is the formality of the November election. The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* is forced to conclude that "either Bilbo is of finer metal than many thought him to be, or the requirements for the Governorship of Mississippi have been reduced to a lower plane." His strength with the voters lies partly in his popularity among the unprosperous, "men who toil and do not reap in great abundance," whose champion he has proclaimed himself. But he hardly seems another Tillman.

THE GERMAN EXPOSURES.

We are not inclined to take quite so serious a view as does the New York *World* of its revelations in the shape of the letters stolen from Dr. Heinrich Albert, one of the representatives of the German Government, unless there should be other and, from the legal point of view, more compromising documents to come. If, for instance, it is found that there was a direct connection between the German representatives at 45 Broadway and the unrest in ammunition factories, then those who with money instigated the strikes must answer in the courts for this breach of our laws, whether they be venal labor leaders or Germans bent on preventing traffic in ammunition with the Allies. We cannot as yet find proof in these letters of a "conspiracy against the United States"; we do find fresh proof of the extraordinary stupidity with which the pro-German campaign has been conducted from the beginning.

But on the moral and political side, like all loyal Americans, we must resent deeply the extra-diplomatic activities of some of the German representatives in this country, and their German-American allies. We do not think that a military or naval attaché in Washington, whether he be German or French or British, should be concerned in the buying up of the supply of chlorine gas or otherwise interfering with legitimate business because his country is at war. This is not the battle-ground, and the acceptance of accredited diplomats at Washington does not mean that they are thereby entitled in wartime to become active workers for their country within our domains. Through legitimate diplomatic ways they are entitled to protest; by public appearances they are privileged to speak for their Fatherland—of course. But if they wish to know how diplomats should behave under the most distressing war conditions, we commend to them the story of Charles Francis Adams's representation of his country in England during the most trying time in our history. They will find that he did not try to buy up British shipyards that were building Confederate rams, or to instigate strikes, or to take completed products off their hands. Yet all the time Mr. Adams was brilliantly furthering the cause of his country by urging its cause and winning men of value to its side, although the odds were all against him.

Nothing to our mind has so proved the moral weakness of the German case as these frantic efforts to bolster it up by converting the American public that one of Dr. Albert's correspondents was frank enough to admit could never be converted. Has any one found it necessary to defend France's cause? Is any one carrying on a French information bureau, or founding a journal of the Viereck type, or carrying on a nation-wide propaganda on behalf of the French people? No; and we are frank to say that if it had been deemed necessary to do so it could not possibly have been done so blunderingly and offensively as the Vierecks and Ridders and Von Skals have carried on their campaign. It is as if they had deliberately set out to injure their cause by insulting every American from the President down. No wonder that Dr. Albert, being an astute person, desired last June to control the policy of the *Fatherland* before supporting Viereck any further with $1,750 contributions. He must have known how ably the *Fatherland* was serving the Allies under Viereck's guidance—so ably that the British and French Ambassadors could well have afforded to pay the $1,750 themselves. As for Viereck, his plight is really ludicrous, for it is he who has led the shouting about the "British-owned" press of New York, and here he is proved to be taking German gold for his patriotic American weekly! The *Fatherland* is now in danger of being laughed to death.

But, the retort will come: "You are not fair. Did you not fail to rebuke Cecil Chesterton and other Englishmen when they toured the country urging us to join the war, though you denounced Dr. Dernburg? Do you not know that the British and French representatives are merely huge buying agencies, freed from the necessity of converting public opinion deceived by French and English lies?" Well, if we failed to rebuke Mr. Chesterton and others, it was certainly not because we sympathized in the slightest with their war propaganda. If it should appear that the French and British Embassies are successfully concealing activities like those of the entourage of the German, we shall duly criticise them when the facts become known. We can not believe now that, with all these vigilant German spies and patriots about, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice and Ambassador Jusserand would not long since have been discovered and exposed, had they been in the same business. In any event, since it is a crime for a diplomat to be found out, they have committed no crime as yet. Not that one approves the theft of letters from anybody. The *World* must square with its own conscience their publication.

All told, the revelations are deeply damaging, even though they do not prove some of the things they are said to. They establish the fact that gold of the German Government is being used in this counry in large sums. That is quite enough. Woe to the American politician whose name appears on German-American platforms hereafter! The taint of Cobden Club gold will be as nothing henceforth. And woe to the newspaper or lecturer that takes the German side. "How much are you being paid by the Germans?" will be an inevitable question. That this is regrettable, we readily concede. The pro-Germans have a right to carry on a propaganda, to establish legitimate press bureaus and circulate news; the difficulty of it is that they have gone about it so badly, through paid agents, through false leaders, through agents guilty of every possible offence against good taste and the American spirit, that they can no longer get a square deal from our press or public. Here the boasted German efficiency has utterly failed. Germans are wonderful as organizers and soldiers, but in the higher realms of psychology and the spirit, Heaven knows, there are none to compare with them for wrecking their own cause.

THE REPLY TO AUSTRIA.

Several able notes have been sent by our State Department within the last year, but not one of them has been a more clean-cut piece of work than the dispatch to Ambassador Penfield in Vienna which Secretary Lansing gave out for publication on Monday. It is a reply to the protest which Austria recently lodged with our Government against the export from this country of munitions of war to the Allies. And to that protest it is a complete and crushing rejoinder. As regards both the law and the equities; in the matter of the duty of neutrals and that of public policy; in the discussion of established practice, the present situation in Europe and future possibilities, Secretary Lansing is strong and convincing.

It was the easier for Mr. Lansing to confute the reasoning of the Austrian protest, in that the latter attempted to set up an entirely new rule of conduct for neutral nations. Admitting that the sale of arms is perfectly legal, the Austrian Government argued that circumstances might make it at least unneutral. That is to say, when the belligerents on one side could not buy, or transport, war material, while those on the other side could, it might be thought of as an obligation of neutrals to maintain "an attitude of strict parity" with respect to

both. But, as Secretary Lansing points out, this not only is a novelty in the law of nations, but would compel a neutral to be continually sitting in judgment on the nations at war; to be deciding which had superior advantages, in one direction or another, that had to be reflected or counteracted by altering the rules of war and the course of trade; and to throw everything into legal and economic confusion. Moreover, there would be danger that such action might tend to embroil neutrals in the war. In a strained effort to appear impartial, they might easily fall into an attitude of hostility. Mr. Lansing neatly, and perhaps a trifle slyly, quotes a German authority on international law, Paul Heinicke, as taking the position that prohibitions of the export of munitions of war might be "considered as violations of neutrality, or at least as unfriendly acts, if they are enacted during a war with the purpose to close unexpectedly the sources of supply to a party which heretofore had relied on them."

This German opinion really goes to the heart of the case as it now stands between Germany and the Allies. Germany devoutly believes in preparedness for war. For years she has been piling up war material and factories and laboratories for its manufacture. And she would resent in the highest degree, and quite properly, any effort by a foreign nation, or by neutrals in combination, to deprive her of the benefit of all this preparation. Very well, yet Great Britain, too, has been making her preparation for war. But she concentrated upon her navy. Whereas Germany depended upon a huge army and endless artillery and mountains of shells, all ready, England placed her reliance upon ships enough to insure the command of the sea. But a part of the advantage of that command lay all the time in the fact that it would enable her to buy abroad the war material which she had not heaped up at home. And now it is coolly proposed that she be robbed of this fruit of her foresight and her sacrifices. In its essence, the Austro-German demand is that, on land, preparedness should be allowed to reap every benefit, but that on the sea it should not be permitted the greatest one.

In this connection, Secretary Lansing refers to the parallel situation which existed at the time of the Boer War. The Boer republics were blockaded by sea. They could not import guns and cartridges, just as Germans and Austrians cannot now. But England was in need of war material, and Germany and Austria freely supplied it. Mr. Lansing does not state his purpose in citing this precedent. He did not need to. Every reader can see how it at once makes grotesque the protests which Austria has made against our selling ammunition to the Allies, and also shows that Germany, in spite of all her professions of love for the Boers, and her tears at the crushing out of their republics by Great Britain, was perfectly willing to sell to England powder and guns for use against the Dutch in South Africa. It will be interesting to see if this part of Secretary Lansing's note is published in the German press.

In few but weighty words Mr. Lansing shows how the recognized international right to buy arms abroad relates itself to national policy. The alternative would be a complete going over to a stark militarism. Knowing that it could get no war supplies from others, each country that felt itself in any way threatened would feel compelled to spend all its energies on manufacturing guns and explosives. An added premium would be put on the aggression of the stronger, and small nationalities would live in fear and trembling. This might not seem to Germany an undesirable result, but it surely would to the United States.

WHEN THE GERMANS TURN WEST.

As Berlin professes to view the situation to-day, Germany's military position in the opening weeks of the second year of the war does not differ in essence, though varying in detail, from what the Kaiser's strategists expected it to be at the end of the first month of the first year of the war. Germany's problem was to beat one enemy and then turn upon the other. By the first week of September, 1914, the first part of the programme was to have been virtually completed. The French armies were to be disposed of, with Paris taken or doomed. Then would come cleaning-up operations against Russia, more deliberate in nature but with preordained result. Up to September 5, 1914, it actually looked as if the first part of the programme were being realized, but then came the change on the Marne, with aftereffects in Flanders and in Russia. To-day the situation is reversed. It is Russia that has given way first. But as Berlin might argue, and does argue, this is a matter of detail. The essential nature of the great plan is still the same. The enemy on one side has been struck down. There is now leisure for dealing with the enemy on the other flank. And the implication is that whether France went down first, or Russia, does not really matter.

This implication is not in the least justified. It does make a vital difference whether Russia or France was the first to succumb—assuming for the moment that Russia in a military sense is out of it, so far as the German forces are concerned. The situation is different in one respect, that whereas Germany counted upon beating France in five weeks she has taken a year to beat Russia, and has done it, up to the present, less completely than she expected to put through the job in France in five weeks. The difference in time elapsed is a second factor. It means that the Germany which will turn to deal with France after a year of war cannot conceivably be the Germany which would have turned about to deal with Russia after five weeks of war. The strain of a year's efforts, the enormous losses, the gathering economic burdens, have been felt. The German rush against the Allied defences in the West, if it does come, cannot come with the fresh ardor, the initial energy of the first onset of last August. The psychology of the situation is utterly different. If Germany's victorious legions had marched against Russia last autumn, it would have been in the easy consciousness that the main part of the work was done, that the rest of the campaign would be something of a procession. To-day the German armies, if they turn west, must do so with the feeling that the holiday part of the programme is over and that the real work is about to begin.

Specifically, the difference in the problem as it was envisaged by Germany a year ago and as it stands to-day may be thus stated. If the German forces, with France disposed of, had turned against Russia last autumn, they would have marched against an army that might ultimately amount to, say, five or six million men. Of course, there was much wild talk during the early months of the war concerning Russia's unlimited resources. Newspaper arithmeticians spoke of ten million armed Slavs, fifteen millions, any number. Yet it needed only a moment's thought to show that Russia could bring no such forces into the field. Arguing from statistics of population meant nothing. It needs organization of a high kind to bring to bear the potential strength of a nation at war. If we put the possible military strength of Russia at five or six millions we are near the truth. And against those millions Germany not only would have had equal numbers of her own, but she would have had the Austrians.

To-day, if the German armies in Russia are sent against the Allied line in France, they go to meet as many French and British

as they would have had to meet Russians last autumn. In another column we print figures which show that England has under the colors at least three and a half million men, of whom two millions have had a minimum of six months' training. The French army, with its reserves, would come close to making up the total of five millions. Italy also counts. The superiority of the French or British soldier, man for man, to the Czar's peasant soldier is unquestioned. The superiority in organization, in resources, in staying powers need not even be discussed. In the matter of leadership it is probable that France, in the person of Joffre, has produced the one genius of the war. On the attacking side, if Germany should choose to attack, there are not available the Austrian forces, which are needed to keep Russia in check even in her present condition. In a word, the British and Italian armies to-day are nearly equal in number and superior in total fighting resources to Russia at the height of her power. So that when Germany faces west now she faces an opposition as powerful as she confronted at the beginning of the war. In other words, at the beginning of the second year of the conflict Germany has the war to fight all over again.

THE STEAMBOAT INSPECTION SERVICE.

The indictment last week of the captain and engineer and of the officials of the company owning the Eastland is welcome. At least we shall now have a judicial inquiry not only as to the culpability of those directly in charge of the safety of the ship, but of those more remotely responsible. The grand jury found that the failure to correct the instability of the vessel indicated "criminal carelessness or incompetence on the part of all persons connected with the . . . inspection of the boat." It charged, further, that the Federal inspectors were generally untrained men, and recommended that the whole steamboat inspection service be turned over to the Navy Department—a severe arraignment in itself.

To this Secretary Redfield has rejoined by two orders. The first permits hereafter no increased passenger-carrying license except after a personal inspection of the vessel—a simple requirement which ought surely to have been prescribed years ago. The second calls for "inclining tests" of any vessels whose stability the inspectors have reason to question, to be made by the owners under the supervision of expert naval architects to be provided by the Department of Commerce. Thus is the door of the stable locked after the horse is stolen, and thus does the Secretary of Commerce recede from his too hastily assumed position that he had no more to do with the stability of vessels than a building inspector with the stability of skyscrapers. Nothing should, however, interfere with President Wilson's reported intention personally to go into the facts of the disaster to the Eastland with a view to placing the exact responsibility and to making recommendations to Congress for any additional legislation that may be needed. It may possibly be discovered that none is needed, just as Mr. Redfield has found the necessary authority to order tests of stability. But this does not appear probable to us, and the fact is that doubts as to the value of all the personnel of the service have persisted ever since the disaster to the Slocum.

It is true, however, that there is no law on the statute-books which gives the Government control over the structural strength of vessels. The rules of the inspection service specify in detail the requirements as to life-saving equipment, and the provisions of the new La Follette Seamen's act are even more comprehensive. But the plans of a ship, as well as the question of stability, are left to the builder's judgment; and the only supervision over construction is that exercised by the various classification societies, such as Lloyds and the Bureau Veritas, acting for the underwriters and shipowners. To be sure, the Federal hull inspectors are supposed to be competent to determine the strength, seaworthiness, and other qualities of the hulls of vessels, and the boiler inspectors have similar functions in regard to boilers and machinery, but their inspections are apparently confined to completed ships. Thus a structurally weak or top-heavy vessel has hitherto been held to fulfil the requirements of the Steamboat Inspection Service, if her owners have provided the life-saving equipment specified by law. In view of the growth of our merchant marine the question is whether the time has not arrived for the formation of a governmental bureau of naval architects, with authority to pass on the plans of all vessels built in private shipyards.

One reform that should certainly be carried into effect relates to our methods of conducting inquiries into marine disasters. The local inspectors of the district in which an accident occurs constitute the board of inquiry. They have authority to examine witnesses under oath, but their sittings are secret, and the accused shipmaster or officer is not allowed the assistance of counsel in answering questions. An appeal from the Board's findings may be taken to the supervising inspector of the district, and from his decision there is an appeal to the supervising inspector-general, the final authority. In these secret inquiries highly technical questions of navigation are frequently involved, questions upon which a boiler or hull inspector may or may not be qualified to pass; and it happens on occasions that the Board has to investigate the responsibility for its own acts—a proceeding that does not encourage trustworthy conclusions. In contrast, Great Britain's method of investigating marine accidents is better calculated to bring out the truth. There the court of inquiry is presided over by a judge, who is assisted by nautical assessors, usually shipping men of high character. The rules of judicial procedure govern the inquiry, the defendants are represented by counsel, and, what is still more important, the proceedings are open to the public. It is true that the inquiries into the disasters to the Titanic and Lusitania have by no means convinced observers that the English system is the ideal one; but at least we do not find inspectors passing on their own acts behind closed doors.

In England the evidence is accessible; here it is not. Whether this can be altered by Executive order or only by legislation is for the President to determine; but there can be no question as to the desirability of a change. Nor should Secretary Redfield's almost hysterical reply to the criticisms of him and his subordinates made in Chicago prevent a searching inquiry as to the competence of the present inspectors, concerning which the grand jury has such grave doubt.

BLEMISHES OF THE INCOME-TAX LAW.

The report made last week to the National Tax Association at San Francisco, on the Federal income tax, deserves wide reading and study. It merits more serious consideration by Congress than Congress will probably give to it. The report was drawn by a special committee of special competence. On it were authorities on taxation like Professor Seligman, Thomas S. Adams, and Professor Bullock, together with several men of affairs. Their analysis is careful and their conclusions cautious. And they are able to point out several defects and a few outright injustices in the income-tax law, as it stands,

the removal of which ought to be sought from Congress.

A part of the committee's criticism goes to the form of the law. As everybody knows who has read it, this is a miracle of complicated and involved draughting. The fearfully long sentences, with their many "provideds" —some of these inserted in the middle, some dragged in at the end as if to eat up what has gone before—seem as if purposely intended as a jungle in which the taxpayer would be certain to lose his way. It is true that we now have a series of Treasury decisions, clearing up many of the ambiguities of the statute as enacted—or arbitrarily ruling what it means. The result is that at present a skilled lawyer, with these aids at hand, is generally able to guide a client through what appears to the latter a mighty maze without a plan. Nevertheless, the committee urges that "the language of the law is in need of great improvement." Some of the words it makes use of urgently require definition. They are employed in different and subtly elusive meanings. Thus the word "deduction" has at least four different senses in different parts of the act. The committee will find many in sympathy with it when it declares for "a complete restatement and clarification of the law."

It has, moreover, objections to make which go deeper than the mere dress of the income-tax law. There are inconsistencies in this law, unfairnesses, and needless burdens, which constitute blemishes affecting the very substance. These the committee points out in order, always in a spirit of moderation, and in each case with the suggestion of the appropriate remedy. Many of the injustices have to do with the section of the law concerning payment at the source. Some of the provisions of the statute compel, if they did not contemplate, double taxation. Thus a holding company is not entitled to deduct the tax already paid on the dividends of a subsidiary corporation. And on account of the confusion which exists about the "claims of exemption" made by the individual bondholder, in cases where tax-free bonds are guaranteed by a railway, for example, it often happens that both the corporation and the bondholder pay the tax. Most grievous of all, perhaps, is the heavy expense forced upon corporations that have to pay at the source. The committee has had a large amount of data before it, bearing on this question, and concludes that the cost of collection, thus imposed on corporations, "ranges from 10 to 20 per cent. of the amount turned over to the Government." In the case of one company, it was demonstrated from the books that it cost $7,000 to collect $35,000. This is a rank absurdity. How to do away with it the committee explains, but of the method it recommends we cannot here give the details. In general, the recommendation is that the law be amended so as to give the fullest possible *information* at the source, but to leave the Government to do its own collecting.

In the report attention is called to many minor inequalities in the existing income-tax law. One of them is the provision—or, at least, the Treasury decision—that if you make anything on a speculative investment, the gain must be returned as income, but that if you lose anything, it cannot be deducted as a "loss in trade." This distinctly puts the Government in the position of saying: "Heads I win, tails you lose." The committee proposes that the law be amended so that all losses in investments may be deducted "where the gain, if any, would be subject to tax." It also has several other recommendations, such as allowances for the depreciation of property, deduction of taxes paid within the year in a foreign country, and of expenses of management in an investment business, which strike one as both sensible and just. Finally, the committee advocates one incidental reform which the *Nation* has more than once declared to be highly desirable. This is a much more elaborate publication and analysis of returns of income-tax. Other countries give far more complete information. It is open not only to lawmakers and students of economics, but to business men. The income-tax statistics of England and Prussia furnish a model to which our own Government should be empowered and directed to conform.

A report of this kind is really a public service. Here we have the work of experts giving their time and labor freely. The Government had its paid employees to work on the preparation of the income tax, but it is safe to say that their labors were of nothing like the value of this report, now placed voluntarily at the disposal of Congress. How much consideration will be given to it, every man may guess for himself. For our own part, we fear but little. There is talk of raising the rate of the income tax—it would have to be increased many fold if our excited militarists had their way—but there is no talk, so far as we have heard, of making the present tax fairer. Yet we shall not despair of the influence of this able report. It will appeal strongly to business men and taxpayers; eventually, it may penetrate to the intelligence of Congress.

Foreign Correspondence

THE VISION OF THUCYDIDES—A COMPARISON WITH THE PAST.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, August 1.

Are the English really the spiritual heirs of the Athenians, the Germans of the Spartans? The author of the "History of the Peloponnesian War" seems inclined to think so. He must surely have had the British Empire in his prophetic eye in many of the sentences put into the mouth of Pericles when delivering his famous Funeral Oration. Thus:

"If our more remote ancestors deserve praise, much more do our own fathers, who added to their inheritance the empire which we now possess, and spared no pains to be able to leave their acquisitions to us of the present generation. Lastly, there are few parts of our dominions that have not been augmented by those of us here, who are still more or less in the vigor of life; while the mother country has been furnished by us with everything that can enable her to depend on her own resources whether for war or for peace."

"Our constitution does not copy the laws of neighboring states; we are rather a pattern to others than imitators ourselves."

"We celebrate games . . . all the year round, and the elegance of our private establishments forms a daily source of pleasure and helps to banish the spleen; while the magnitude of our city draws the produce of the world into our harbor, so that to the Athenian the fruits of other countries are as familiar a luxury as those of his own."

The sibylline vision of Thucydides takes in even such special points as the trouble we were fated to have from interned enemies and German spies: "We throw open our city to the world, and never by alien acts exclude foreigners from any opportunity of learning or observing, although the eyes of an enemy may occasionally profit by our liberality: trusting less in system and policy than to the native spirit of our citizens." When, however, he wrote, " . . . we do not feel called upon to be angry with our neighbor for doing what he likes, or even to indulge in those injurious looks which cannot fail to be offensive, although they inflict no positive penalty," he seems to have failed to foresee the "khaki scowl" which those of us who are too old to fight turn self-righteously on the younger men who still cling to the garb of civil life. Our natural antipathy to the German school system is clearly foreshadowed in the words: "While in education, where our rivals from their very cradles by a painful discipline seek after manliness, at Athens we live exactly as we please, and yet are just as ready to encounter every legitimate danger." The boast that "we Athenians, fighting upon a foreign soil, usually vanquish with ease men who are defending their homes" has a suspiciously Britannic ring, though "Scarborough" bombardments and Zeppelin raids may have introduced just a shade of quaver into the voice of the boaster. And has any contemporary writer summed up the advantages of freedom from conscription more pithily than Thucydides in these words?—

"And yet if with habits not of labor but of ease, and courage not of art but of nature,

we are still willing to encounter danger, we have the double advantage of escaping the experience of hardships in anticipation and of facing them in the hour of need as fearlessly as those who are never free from them."

We trust, too, that he was equally a seer in making Pericles assure his audience that the children of the fallen would be brought up till manhood at the public expense. Another forecast that we may, perhaps, take in some degree to ourselves is not flattering:

"You visit the disasters into which the whim of the moment may have led you, upon the single person of your adviser, not upon yourselves, his numerous companions in error."

The resemblances of Germany and Sparta are on the surface. Each is a great military power engaged in a war with a great naval power. In each the individual is thoroughly subordinated to the state; and in each the main object of education is to produce the efficient soldier. Both pursue very definite ideals, and both strain every nerve to attain them. In each case (perhaps a Briton may be allowed to say) the ideal is not wholly worthy, and in each case it is striven for with a total disregard of the rights of others. Thucydides's prevision of German education has already been referred to. He also notes the evil effect of German prosperity since the war of 1870-71: "Great good fortune coming suddenly and unexpectedly tends to make a people insolent . . . it is easier to stave off adversity than to preserve prosperity." The vatic power of the historian enabled him again to foresee the case of Belgium, and to realize that a mistake would be made here: "Envoys told Alcidas that he was not going the right way to free Hellas [read, "to benefit Germany"] in massacring men who had never raised a hand against him, and who were not enemies of his, but allies of Athens against their will [read, "neutral by decree of the Great Powers"], and that, if he did not stop, he would turn many more friends into enemies than enemies into friends." Quotations such as these (all taken from Books II and III of "The Peloponnesian War") might be multiplied, but those here set down are probably quite enough to drive my point home.

"The War, Its Social Tasks and Problems," is the subject for study at a summer school now in session at King's College. The two main courses of lectures are being delivered by Prof. Patrick Geddes and Dr. Slater, head of Ruskin College. It is interesting to find so pronounced a pacifist as Professor Geddes admitting the advantageous influence of the war on our young men. "They are better set up, manlier, than they were; they are restrained, vitalized, and disciplined as peace did not vitalize or discipline. The slackness of the youth at the street corner has gone, and this dramatic change is before us all." Dr. Slater paid a compliment to an element of superiority in the German Government, as compared with those of England, France, and America, "in that it is less influenced by considerations of material advantage. It is less 'pulled,' it is less capable of being exploited by the private interests of individuals." Now this does not in the least imply that there is a greater amount of original sin in, say, the United States than in Germany. At its worst it is simply the seamy side of democracy. In a land of equality, where the principle of "live and let live" is peculiarly current, it is not strange that men even of high personal character will sometimes wink at actions of others which they would disdain for themselves. It is quite easy, too, to see why, in a benevolent despotism like that of Germany, official corruption must be sternly curbed. Class privileges there are so strongly intrenched and rest on foundations so deeply laid that it would not pay to lower the standard for the pecuniary advantage of a few individuals. We must remind ourselves of Lord Bryce's wise warning against the assumption that the same phenomena in two different countries must necessarily imply the same sort of causes. We have "to realize the existence in the American people of a reserve of force and patriotism more than sufficient to sweep away all the evils which are now tolerated, and to make the politics of the country worthy of its material grandeur and of the private virtues of its inhabitants."

NEWS-MAKING AGAINST FRANCE—THE QUESTION OF ABSINTHE—THE ANARCHISTS.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, August 1.

Absinthe is not fed to the French soldier to excite him to fight. It is physically impossible, it is morally impossible, and it is actually not a fact. Here in Paris we are thunderstruck that such an assertion should be made in New York at a responsible peace meeting. We can only suppose that it is one more of the anti-French news-fabrications—in the interest of whom? Doubtless, of the belligerent having the sympathies of those who retail them to innocent pacifists. And these forget that France is fighting for her life against an invader who has already destroyed the homes and farms and factories of one-seventh of her population.

The absinthe story is one of those deftly put in circulation in the United States, where it chimes in with a popular prejudice. Fabricated news to stir up discontent and dissension in France itself is also common and has been traced back in a few cases to an Anarchist propaganda, which has made interesting reading lately. But what about absinthe?

Ever since the first unhappy days of war, the commander-in-chief took stringent measures to keep strong drink generally from his soldiers. The civil authorities took the occasion to forbid throughout the country both manufacture and sale of absinthe in particular. It still happens that the police in cities and towns raid some liquor shop clandestinely selling absinthe from its old stock. Such sale is much more difficult than moonshining in North Carolina. And, as all manipulation of alcohol in France has to be performed under Government inspection, it is impossible there should be any clandestine fabrication of absinthe—except of stories about it.

How in the world from quantities which would have to be hidden somewhere French officers could get enough to fire their men to action would be more than a mystery. Then for those soldiers who are not accustomed to this mixture of drug and alcohol—as the majority must be, since that is the case with the majority of Frenchmen in civil life—such administration of absinthe would risk making them idiotic just when they need their senses most or would send them puking over the battle range. No, if peace negotiations are ever to begin from the United States, there must be a little more accurate information and a truer appreciation of the war than such stories furnish.

Wine, which, with beer and cider, has always been counted among "hygienic drinks" in French legislation, forms a part of the soldier's daily rations—about a pint a day. Such red and white wine, averaging from six to ten degrees of alcohol, is the common table drink of Frenchmen of all classes. Their stomachs demand it just as much as Mr. Gladstone's did tea at five o'clock. There is talk of increasing the ration, which might be done profitably from the point of view of food; but they are first trying to give more coffee, which Michelet says caused the French Revolution. To get morally "forwarder" for battle, a soldier would have to drink so much wine he could not run!

Not only at the front, but for "permissionnaires" enjoying a few days' furlough at home and for soldiers in camp or garrison, no café or restaurant or bar or liquor-selling place of any kind is allowed to sell at any time any alcohol at all, brandy, bitters, or vermouth, or liqueur, to any military man, officer or private, in uniform. The utmost concession which petitions have been able to extort from Gen. Gallieni, commander of the fortified camp of Paris, does not yet extend to the sale of medicated wines (quinines and such) at 15 degrees of alcohol. And no military man in uniform can be served at all, not even with mineral water, except from five o'clock to nine—before and after the dinner hour. Only on Sundays are these hours prolonged. Like every one really living among actual Frenchmen, I have experience of the enforced observance of this regulation of the military authorities; and the veriest outsider with his eyes open can see it any day in Paris in the cafés of the boulevards.

Whether the French Parliament will have the courage—and the power—to stop altogether the making and selling of alcoholic drinks proper until war is over is another question. But it has been asked to do so.

As for Anarchists, most Frenchmen just now look on them as rather less dangerous than pacifists. For, on the latter, indeed, they look very much as our Southerners did on the first Yankee schoolteachers:

> ——with as favorable eyes
> As Gabriel on the Devil in Paradise!

Returning from Spain in 1892, I found the preaching of the Anarchist gospel exploding all around me. The day after I left Barcelona, a bomb was thrown in my favorite corner of the Plaza Real. Ravachol, who loved peace and little children, threw his final bomb in a Paris street from which it was heard at the terrace of the café where I was taking the air. After he was guillotined, his memory was kept alive by postal cards representing him crucified against a sunburst. My newspaper letters in those years would form a volume of the history of Anarchy. Then, for years there was a lull, with only solitary instances or intellectual talk, when suddenly Bonnot's band, robbing banks and killing from Paris to Belgium and defending their war on society by the gospel of Anarchy, stirred curiosity for a time. And here they are again.

Fabrication of news, dangerous to the community in present circumstances, was the charge brought against four of these Anarchists last week before the Third Council of War. Three little sheets distributed clandes-

tinely had been traced back to them. One had Zola's title "J'accuse!" It assured those who received it by mail, or picked it up in the subway or at their house-door, that war had been declared owing to the Jesuits exciting the enmity of "Luther's Germany against Voltaire's France!" The same parties had already caused the war of 1870, Waterloo—and the assassination of Jaurès. After proper anti-militarist insults against generals and army and government generally, it wound up with a particular appeal for peace: "Vive la Paix! Vive Jaurès! Vive Caillaux!" It was said by the way that Joan of Arc was "the incarnation of free thought!"

The other two fly-leaves which have been seized were devoted to pessimistic news under the titles, "They deceive us" and "They lie to us!" In Paris, the news thus retailed under cover usually tells of disasters at the front supposed to be concealed by the authorities; or it exaggerates the power and deeds of the Germans. Among the soldiers at the front, similar fabricated news tells of revolutionary outbreaks in Paris or descends to warning husbands that their wives left behind are not faithful. A soldier from Troyes managed to telegraph back to that Socialist city to ask if the Mayor had really been assassinated, as he had been informed. Two other soldiers had received news quite as extravagant. This seems crazy, but there is method in it—and some one is paying for even such minute attempts to discourage soldiers and their families.

One of the accused is an old friend—the well-known millionaire Anarchist Prouvost. He made a French million in insurance and retired to philosophize and help out the "companions." This time he admitted to Col. Gouin, who presided at the trial, that the companions had made a "pear" of him and got away with more of his money than his $6,000 a year income warranted. During the one year's prison awarded him, he will have time to meditate on some safer way of remaking society. His wife, who lives separate from him with their three children, wrote to the court: "At bottom, he is sick and not bad, but very simple. He gave out his money to a set of individuals who used to come to the house and frightened me greatly." Prouvost is supposed to have got his anti-military ideas from seeing his uncle, who was a colonel, presiding at one of these military courts. He professes to have been successively a Socialist, an Anarchist, and now—an "auto-democrat." Such is the virtue of labels for some minds.

One type of the Anarchist mind was the woman of the band—a sort of medium who seemed a little uncertain whether she called spirits from the vasty deep or incarnated them. Her manager, who has written a "Secret of the Universe," insisted on being called a "savant." He said his Lucile "called up or incarnated (there is, he said, a dispute about the proper word) Robespierre, Ferrer, and Joan of Arc!" But the woman, unhypnotized, vehemently denied that she had ever incarnated Joan of Arc and turned quite red about it. Her husband, in an effaced way, threw blame on other women's jealousies and said he was not curious himself. One man, who was not caught, had the traditional semblance of the *agent provocateur*.

The lawyer trying to defend these philosophers pointed out that their appeal for peace began—"Women, in the name of Christ!" The savant's defender, the celebrated Maître Lagasse, remarked that the fly-sheets must be "German productions. You have only to read them to understand that they have been drawn up not only by a German, but by a Protestant German, a Lutheran!" Shades of the Dreyfus trial!

It is not the first time Spiritism crops up in these cases of militant Anarchists. With Emile Henry, it was after he had been guillotined. A doctor, a pupil of Charcot, then reigning, had at the time a peculiarly sensitive subject—a young woman whose family was imprudent enough to allow her to attend the trial of the Anarchist. His youth and education excited much interest, in spite of his horrible attacks on non-combatant society. It is true he justified himself by answering the question—"Why did you kill innocent men and women?"—"The poor and those who die of hunger are also innocent." The morning of Emile Henry's execution, which had been kept from the knowledge of the press, this young woman in her home suddenly awaked and declared herself possessed by the soul of the guillotined man. What is more, she talked like him—and like Dr. Charcot—and some highly interesting séances were held in the house of a great Paris lady.

Fortunately, the present Anarchist offenders have killed nobody—not even their people's confidence in the just outcome of this war. The maximum sentence—for medium and savant—was only three years in prison and 1,000 francs fine.

The State University and Politics

THE UNIVERSITY IS NOT IN POLITICS, BUT POLITICS IS IN THE UNIVERSITY.

By GRANT SHOWERMAN.

I.

Those who from time to time since the beginning of its history have prophesied ill of the State-university idea no doubt experience a certain satisfaction in reading the press comments of the past few months on the confusion of State education and politics as exemplified in the situation at Wisconsin.

Yet what has happened in the development of the relation between the American State university and politics in general is not what was most frequently and most confidently predicted. The professorial chair has not become part of a spoils system, and the classroom has not become the instrument of party politics. The "professor in politics" is still illustrated by only one great example, and that one is not a product of the State university, and not a politician in the usual sense. In no State university—certainly in no State university of repute—is there any appreciable connection between political activity and the professor's chair. In Wisconsin itself, which is at present most on the public tongue, it would be safe to defy any one to name a half-dozen of the faculty of six hundred who have received their appointments for political reasons, used their chairs for political purposes, actively identified themselves with any "ring" or "gang" or "crowd," or otherwise been the instruments or promoters of offensive partisanship. Whatever may be said to the contrary, and whatever to those at a distance may seem to be the contrary, neither the University of Wisconsin nor any other State university that pretends to standing is in politics. The thing is impossible in nature. The qualities which alone confer standing upon the university are incompatible with politics. The university ideal precludes the politician. The professor become partisan loses academic standing, first by lacking the scholar's attitude, and secondly by failing in the scholar's achievement. If he multiplies to a noticeable extent, his institution loses caste.

The State university is not in politics except in the larger sense in which all good citizenship is and ought to be in politics. In the professor of a State university the sense of responsibility to the commonwealth, which all conscientious citizens feel, has been intensified by the fact of State employment. He has been called upon with more and more frequency, and has responded with more and more willingness to the call, to confer upon the State at large in extra-university matters the benefit of the special knowledge and skill by reason of which he occupies his chair. As engineer, chemist, geologist, agriculturist, political economist, hygienist, historian, essayist, linguist, lecturer, organizer, he has rendered service of incalculable importance in the development of the State's cultural, social, and material resources. He may with absolute security challenge any other profession or any other class of society, except the clergy, to present the record of a more willing or a less mercenary contribution to the common good. The State-university man's response to the public need has not been that of the politician and the partisan, but that of the good citizen.

II.

It has been the misfortune of the University of Wisconsin that progress and Progressive are words that look and sound very much alike. The university man is not Progressive, but progressive. In the same way, too, he is conservative, not Conservative. His attitude is academic, not political. He believes in the use of scientific accomplishment for the improvement of life. He is not for candidates and parties, but for ideal human relations. That is his platform under all administrations. If it has been the Progressives to whose call for expert assistance he has responded, his response has not for that reason been the response of a partisan. His partisanship is only for science. He is progressive in principle, not in party; he is scientifically, not sentimentally, progressive. He is an instrument of the State, an adviser, an expert, but not an exploiter. In the rare cases where he seems to be attempting leadership in politics at all, closer inspection is reasonably sure to reveal that it is not political interest, but intellectual enthusiasm, that drives him. He is still academic. There is no one so hard

to rouse over personal issues in politics, no one so independent of party authority, no one politically so unclassifiable.

It would be useless to deny that the university man sometimes sins from excess of enthusiasm. The "new humanities" are young, and there are other subjects and activities not yet fully arrived at the age of discretion. "Service to the commonwealth" itself, though as old as Euripides and Athens, thinks itself young. All these have had their little successes, and acquired a more than proportionate self-confidence. By reason of the confidence they have passed the blushing stage, while still by reason of youth more or less ignorant of themselves and the nature of man. They are still capable of belief that education can be "brought down" to all the people, and that all the people, when they see the apple dangled before them, will eat with appetite and go on their way much increased by the knowledge of good and evil. They are still capable of believing that justice is chiefly a matter of social science, and that some alliterative remedy like the Civic Centre can be made an efficient substitute for the Plan of Salvation.

At least, this is the way it sometimes appears to the innocent bystander. Yet in justice it should be added that even the sober and demonstrable truth is often alarming to the unaccustomed. What Emile Faguet says of dramatic art is equally true of new ideas: *Mais toute pièce à la fois très belle et très nouvelle ne peut pas plaire à la foule en sa nouveauté. Cela peut consoler de leurs échecs les hommes de génie et quelques autres.* The people do not understand and are afraid of the ideas of geniuses—and even of *quelques autres.* The problem of the university professor is not wholly unlike that of the Presbyterian pastor: "to preach the truth as he sees it without scaring his grandmother to death."

A little too much of this exaggerated minuscular progressivism, in unlucky combination with a little too much of the somewhat less innocent majuscular sort, partly because of the attention it drew, but mostly because of the bills it ran up, is responsible for most of the popular distrust of the university recently manifested in Wisconsin, and for most of the popular belief that the university is in politics. And yet, in so far as the university is concerned, this is not politics, but academic enthusiasm. Further, it is enthusiasm whose very excess is chargeable to the popular demand for "usefulness" in education, and is thus a fault that goes back to the democracy itself. In like manner, the president's oft-criticised biennial appearance before the legislators is not politics. The people expect the university to care for their sons and daughters; its fixed income is not sufficient, it must have appropriations, and its president must interpret its needs. This is not lobbying, and it is not politics.

The State university is not in politics. The "university crowd" exists only in the well-prepared imaginations of a real "crowd."

III.

The university is not in politics, but politics is in the university. Those prophets who foresaw a faculty of aggressive politicians and a neglected or wrongly used classroom were mistaken. The prophets, fewer in purpose and nobler in vision, who foresaw the educational ideal endangered by a dependent relation of the university with the people, were right. The aggressor has not been the university, but the politician, the legislator, and the populace. The university is not suffering from partisanship and neglect within, but from partisanship and pretentious ignorance outside. The danger is not that the university will tyrannize over the people, but that the people will tyrannize over the university.

This is just as much in the nature of things as it is in the nature of things for the university man to be non-political and non-partisan. The logic of the situation at Wisconsin, or elsewhere—for the situation differs only in degree—is easy. The university is a State institution; it is supported by the good money of the people; therefore the university belongs to the people, and the people are its masters; therefore the people have the right to the kind of university the people want. Really, so much could have been seen without the aid of even a logician, to say nothing of a prophet.

Theoretically, and in so far as legality is concerned, this is unimpeachable logic. In practice, like a great deal of other logic, it is nonsense. The intellectual life, whether general, professional, or technical, thrives only on freedom, and in our present stage of development it is impossible that the control of the people should not curb its freedom. The intellectual life, like the religious, is a growth, not a manufacture; yet the people conceive of regulating it like a branch of business. The intellectual life, like the religious, is understood only from within; yet the people presume to understand it from without. The intellectual life, and the conditions of its realization, can be judged only by experts; yet the important task of passing upon its ideals and methods is placed in the hands of a "boys-we've-got-to-win-this-game" sort of professional investigator, with a corps of "trained assistants" who work for a minimum wage and "the experience." For the investigation of legal, industrial, commercial, and technical and professional matters in general, the people employ commissions of experts. In university matters, they pass judgment through boards and committees chosen on the principle of representing all professions, all classes, all Congressional districts, all parties, all hyphenateds, and all sexes. The kind of expert who investigates the university, who votes on bills for its support, who sits on committees for its regulation, qualifies before everything else as a "representative of the people."

If the State university were wholly supported by a fixed income, as it is in part, it would, of course, still be under the ultimate control of the people, and the control would be less injurious, and, conceivably, even wholesome. But the State university, almost without exception, is growing rapidly in numbers, in the vision of its possibilities as the instrument of the State, and in eagerness to realize the vision. If it is merely to receive within its walls and adequately care for the sons and daughters of the State, to say nothing of growing to the stature of which it is capable, it must ask of the people through every Legislature a supplement to its fixed income. So long as this is true, it must be the potential object of threats, the prey to immediate uncertainties and fears, and, to some extent, the opportunist.

Let it not be thought that the withholding of appropriations in itself represents the extreme of disaster for the State university. For that matter, it has hitherto been treated with comparative generosity. The real danger is not from niggardly legislation, but from the loss of liberty entailed by the conditions of popular support. The State university could well do on less money and more freedom. It is not inconceivable that a fixed income with a fixed number of students might have some good results not attainable at present. It is only when the gift of the people to the university does not increase in proportion to the demands of the people from it that the evil is wrought.

"We cannot make bricks without straw," says the university.

"Yes, you can," answer the people; "and what's more, we'll see that you do it. For whom are you making those bricks, pray,* if not for us? We're paying for them, and we guess we can have bricks without straw if we want them."

The university expert doesn't believe in that kind of brick, and he is ashamed of the manufacture; but he finds it hard not to be forced into obedience to the experts of the people.

IV.

Pass in review the influences that restrict the freedom of the State university.

First, and farthest removed from real understanding, are the populace, who, in so far as they are interested at all, demand the admission to the university of every son and daughter able to profit by its privileges, and insist that the privileges include an enormous range of preparation, and that the preparation be of the practical sort directed towards earning capacity, and who, when the bill is presented, cry out in a rage at abuses which they never can specify, but of whose existence they entertain no doubt at all. There are, to be sure, a great many of the people sensible enough to realize their incompetence in matters so far out of their sphere. To these is due the really generous support of many of the universities from the beginning; but theirs is not usually an aggressive friendship. At the best, they consent to a liberal policy, and refuse to be the tools of self-constituted "people's friends"; at the worst, they join forces with the suspicious.

*The language is according to Woolley. The way we really say it in Wisconsin is this: "Who are you making dose bricks for ennahow?"

Second are the candidates for State office who, for purposes which it is not necessary to explain, assume to be "the friends of the people." Under the circumstances of the ordinary campaign, a general and more or less innocuous agitation against extravagance and impractical business methods in the university is all that happens. The Legislature meets, the agitation is once more found to have been without substantial foundation, the appropriation bill, after the usual tactics, is passed, and things go on as usual.

But a special combination of circumstances may come into being. A party with very lively ideas may have been in power for several terms and worked off an excess of enthusiasm in legislation which has cost a great deal, and a part of whose plan has been the utilization of expert university knowledge. Then there may come what might be expected—a reaction against excessive enthusiasm and excessive taxes. Another party may make capital of the reaction. "The taxes MUST be reduced," it shouts, and the people applaud. But how? Well, among other things, there is the extravagance of the university. The university MUST be curbed, and its expenditures MUST be kept down. The candidates promise it. In order to remove the promise from the general realm of the ordinary promises of commerce and give it real efficiency, they place it, with a few other choice examples, in the party platform. The candidates are taken at their word, and elected. They are under sacrosanct obligation to do something about the university. They enter upon the work of office, and soon find, like every administration before them, that the university has not been guilty of double-dealing, that it has not mismanaged, that it has not demanded or used more than under the circumstances was necessary, that the professors are not wire-pullers, and that the president is a high-souled American citizen. They find, for example, among other things of the sort, that, owing to a mistake pure and simple (to be as charitable as possible) in the campaign statement of university expenditures for the last and most outrageous year, the cost of operating the institution was made to seem a matter of three-fourths of a million of dollars more than it really was. BUT, the people have declared against high taxes, and we have promised to reduce them. We are sorry, BUT——. And the university must go two years more with overcrowded rooms and overcrowded courses, and for two years more be the recruiting-ground for institutions which have learned to recognize that a university depends, first of all, for both usefulness and fame, upon men.

We have already arrived at the third restrictive influence, the Legislature and the State officials. Generous though the administration may be, it is in the nature of administrations to assume a hostile and not very complimentary attitude towards all bills for appropriation whatsoever. Every two years, therefore, the president, the deans, the directors, and many other university men, must prepare a statement of the institution's needs, and, through the administration, convince the people of the reasonableness of every item. These high-salaried experts, whose real business includes at least some instruction, must devote their time to appearing before legislative committees, and before the Legislature as a whole, with an amazing array of statistical charts showing the number of cattle kept from contracting tuberculosis during the past year, the number of germs kept from germinating, the number of people "reached," etc., etc. They must prepare other statements for the information of the Legislature and the public. They must correct the misinformation that appears daily in the press. They must explain away all sorts of silly slanders, and answer a thousand questions of the expert people voiced by the people's temporary experts on education. They must explain once more why so much time is given to graduate study, and whether research really pays. They must explain once more why foreign language should be required for entrance or graduation, and they are asked once more why English is not as good as any other language, and why it is not good enough for an American citizen. They must explain once more why French and German are not spoken in class, and why literature is not studied more in translation. They are asked once more whether fertilizer really pays, whether blooded stock really pays, whether the agricultural college really teaches boys to be farmers, whether the Babcock test is really a success, and why, if it is, the liberal arts professors don't do something equally useful. They are asked once more why a man should receive $2,500 for nine months' teaching of nine hours a week, when a State clerk gets only $2,500 for six hours a day for twelve months. They are asked once more why manual training and home economics are not better than algebra and Greek, why more office room and more buildings are needed when offices and rooms now may be found unoccupied whole hours at a time, why so many classes are in charge of young instructors, why professors do not have more office hours, why they are allowed to spend so much time in writing books or prospecting for the Trusts, why students and professors do not mingle more outside the classroom, why students from other States and nations are not made to pay a much higher tuition.

To all these questions the president and the deans and directors, if not all of the faculty, make patient and courteous answers. The preparation of them, their delivery, and the recovery from them, extend over most of the "legislative year." Then, unless there is a "survey," or worry over threats for the next legislative year, there is an interval of one year during which the high-salaried officers and faculty are presumably free to attend to the academic duties for which the State employs them. And then—why, then the whole process has to be repeated with a new Legislature and a public which has forgotten the explanations of two years ago.

Fourthly, there is the board of regents. This is a body of earnest, unsalaried, public-spirited men who are near enough to the university and possessed of enough breadth of view to understand the academic ideal, or at least to realize that they do not understand it, and to lend a sympathetic ear to the president of the university, who is himself a regent. Yet even in this body there is always the possibility of misunderstanding and friction. First of all, the board of regents is a body of business men, eleven of whose thirteen members in Wisconsin are appointed, one from each of the Congressional districts. In the second place, as the appointments expire at different times, there is a possibility of the continual presence of new members. When the new members, as may sometimes happen, take their places with the more or less aggressive purpose of "representing the people," or of not "submitting to the domination" of some one or other, or of reforming something or other, or of doing something independent and original at all cost, there is a period of turbidity, whose duration long experience has taught the friends of the university to estimate with a comparatively narrow margin of error. Stated in general terms, it is the period of time necessary for a capable, well-meaning, not too stubborn business or professional man to reach the conclusion that he is not fully competent to manage the complex affairs of a university without the aid of experts from within its walls. But the period may vary according to the capability, the intentions, or the degree of stubbornness.

With the president, we reach at last a controlling influence actually inside the university—the first real expert. But the president himself is not unmoved by the pressure of the crowd. He, too, may take it into his head to "represent the people," and may stand with one foot in the faculty and the other among the democracy. He has got the appropriation from the people this year, and in two years he must get another and a larger. Promises to the people must be kept, and the people's demands must be listened to. The people must not be irritated; they may elect a hostile Legislature. Above all, we must walk softly while the appropriation bill is before the Legislature. Administrative or educational matters which would ordinarily be settled on their merits must be settled during legislative years in a special way. The president and the deans may appear before the faculty in support of a proposal to drop a certain entrance requirement, or to abolish a language requirement, or to lighten the graduation requirement. The faculty are in reality overwhelmingly against the measure; they believe it bad education, a lowering of standards, and a sacrifice of the university's dignity; yet the president cracks the whip, and they vote it through—"because the people from all over the State are demanding it," "because, if you don't, depend upon it, the Legislature will."

Last of all—the satirist sometimes says least also—among the influences controlling the university ideal is the faculty. Not least,

of course, for, if any body of persons *is* the university, that body is the faculty. The faculty is the source of the university ideal, its incarnation, its conserver. The students as a whole must be classed with the outsider. It is the nature of the student animal to resist. He would resist the ideal education even if he believed in it, and just now he believes in the practical, and has infinitely more faith in his own than in the faculty's judgment. The very distrust of the people and the student is an evidence that the faculty is holding to its standards.

Yet the faculty is far from being uninfluenced by popular sentiment. It defers to the petitions of the student, it argues educational questions with him, it looks out of the window to see which way the wind of student sentiment is blowing, though usually there is some "friend of the student" who has had "special opportunities for being acquainted" with the student's point of view to raise the breeze inside—it justifies to him the subject-matter and method of its instruction. It not only accepts the word of the president for the necessity of taking to cover before the people and the Legislature, but yields before the same convenient argument when employed by its individual members. A department could be named, for example, which rarely introduces a measure that meets the approval of a majority; yet the professor in that department scarcely ever fails to carry his measure with the help of "the practically unanimous sentiment of the people of this State, which I have recently"—during a visit to the high school at Two Rivers—"had very deeply impressed upon me."

V.

The State university is not in politics, but politics is in the State university. There are those who accept the situation—who believe that the intellectual conditions of the State university should be adapted to the capacities of all the sons and daughters of the democracy who can profit by intellectual training at all; that we should not worry about standards so long as we are doing good; that if the university and the people are to get together, the university must come down to the people; that if the university is to lead, it must not set a pace that is too fatiguing for the rank and file, or a goal that they have no desire to reach. But no one not looking above all for comfort can reconcile himself to such a programme. It sounds too much like the French politician, who said: *Il faut bien que je les suive puisque je suis leur chef.*

There are others who believe in standards, and have faith that if only the eye of the university is kept single to the desires of the democracy they will in some way keep themselves aloft without the aid of bearers. These are those who believe that the cure for democracy is more democracy.

There are still others who believe that the bearers are necessary, and that in time the people will become enlightened and understand the university ideal.

"But how if a' will not understand?" says the watch.

Well, it isn't possible to "take no notice of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave."

The best the watch and his friends can do is to thank God that the democracy is not a knave, and to pray God it may come to understand a little better, and to trust a great deal more.

If the watch is not a praying man, there is still one other resort—if he is a good sportsman. That is, to reflect that character is forged beneath the hammerstrokes of adverse fortune, and that the State university with resistance enough to survive the strokes will come out finely tempered.

But the subject is really one for prayer.

Notes from the Capital

A WELL-DISGUISED REFORMER.

Whoever is surprised at the recent appearance of Boies Penrose as a tariff-reformer must be unfamiliar with the story of his rise and progress in American politics. Penrose was at Harvard with Roosevelt, and shared the latter's notion that the proper place for a young patriot of aristocratic antecedents was in party leadership. Roosevelt prepared for his career by a couple of years at a law school; Penrose by reading Blackstone and the other standard commentators under the personal tutelage of Wayne MacVeagh, equally notable as a jurist and a reformer. Mr. MacVeagh's admirers welcomed his new disciple into their circle with enthusiasm. Had he not sought the very fountain-head for his instruction and inspiration? And had he not come by his aspirations for civic betterment through a distinguished ancestry? Was not one of his forefathers the close friend of William Penn, was not another associated with Jefferson in the acquisition of the Louisiana territory, and had not a third made a two-term record as Solicitor of the United States Treasury? Yes, and there was his father, a professor of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania and a citizen of public spirit. Where was a better line to spring from?

To the Legislature Penrose soon found his way, and there fell under the eye of Matthew S. Quay, who promptly slated him for a lieutenancy in the Republican "organization," and selected him as a candidate for Mayor of Philadelphia. But Quay's touch had ruined him for the reforming element of the Quaker City, who forgot all about his ancestry and everything else that was good, and bent themselves to the advertisement of whatever they could learn to his disfavor. They badly frightened Quay's man Martin, who had the handling of municipal patronage, and at the eleventh hour Penrose was dropped and another candidate named for Mayor. Quay swore vengeance, after the manner of President Jackson, when the Senate snubbed Van Buren's diplomatic ambition. "If they won't have him for Mayor," said the Big Boss, "let's see how they'll like him for something better!" And with one swing of his powerful arm he landed Penrose in the United States Senate. There Penrose has stayed ever since, entering this year upon his fourth term.

His service as a Senator has been more conspicuous for its length than for its brilliancy. Once in a while some fellow Senator has had the temerity to say as much, though in severer terms. When one of them has thus ventured, the galleries have sat breathless, in expectation of seeing Penrose leap to his feet and strike back; but that is not his method. He remains silent in his seat, betraying no emotion, even by a change of countenance, while the speaker, goaded to a frenzy by this contemptuous attitude, goes on heaping accusation upon accusation till he has exhausted his stock. After the last word is said, Penrose rises, and, in the jargon of the Capitol, "proceeds to skin" his critic—not with the double-edged wit of a Root or with the prehistoric cleaver of a Tillman, but in a fashion all his own, quite as personal and strictly to the point. Not the least factor in the effectiveness of his retort is a peculiarity of pronunciation which some observers style a dialect. It is really more of an abnormal interplay of tongue, teeth, and lips—probably a trick acquired in childhood and left uncorrected—but by its very oddity it commands a fixedness of attention which the same listeners would not vouchsafe to the same things said by another speaker.

Penrose is a big fellow, reminding you of John L. Sullivan long enough out of training to have achieved a girth. His dark hair and moustache are too slightly tinged with gray to suggest his fifty-five years. With his heavy mouth, square jaw, the needlessly sinister expression of his face in repose, and the massive frame beneath, he impresses you as a merciless adversary to reckon with, whether in running a convention or directing a division of spoils. He made his last campaign for re-election against Gifford Pinchot, whom Col. Roosevelt had backed to win; but nobody in Washington who understood the ingrowing politics of Pennsylvania entertained a moment's doubt of the result, as between the two reformers.

For Penrose is a reformer, too. If you don't believe it, ask him. He doesn't shout overloudly for remote questions like the conservation of natural resources or the improvement of the foreign service; but when it comes to practical, every-day issues, look at his record! He not only condemns third terms for the Presidency, but he wouldn't have even two, and the one he concedes he would be willing to see reduced to a single year. As to extravagant expenditures, was not he the man who filibustered an appropriation bill out of existence because the Cabinet officer who would have the money to spend said it would be wasteful? Pensions? Why, a bill he fathered proposed pensioning not only all the soldiers of the Union army in the Civil War, but also all non-enlisted persons who were under military orders for thirty days during that crisis, with their widows, children, and dependent parents! He was an outspoken champion of the transfer of Senatorial elections from the mercenary control of the State legislatures to the purer atmosphere of the popular poll; and within a year we have found him quoted as favoring State laws for a graduated inheritance tax, the heavier taxation of Trusts, the regulation of women's and children's employment, strong public utilities commissions, and the submission of the question of woman suffrage to the voters. To cap all, he has declared it preposterous to allow "two or three men, sitting in a secret closet," to shape the fate of a political party. What more could any one ask? Has he not beaten Bill Flinn to a frazzle?

VISILLARD.

Poets of the Day

Panama and Other Poems. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

A Boy's Will. By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents net.

The Man on the Hilltop. By Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25.

Verse. By Vance Thompson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

Maeterlinck's Poems. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

Poems of Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Alma Strettell. New York: John Lane Co. $1 net.

Japanese Lyrics. Translated by Lafcadio Hearn. The New Poetry Series. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents net.

The themes in Mr. Phillips's latest volume of "narrative and occasional" poems are very old or very new; either they simmer, not to say reek, with modernity, or they lull us in the lap of ancient legends whose very turbulence is restful. The difference is pointed, but superficial. I think Ulysses could have severed Panama, and I am sure that Goethals would have found the narrow midcourse of safety between Scylla and Charybdis.

In his legendary monologues Mr. Phillips shows no decay of his old fondness for themes which literature has familiarized and domesticated, stories which ages have ripened and mellowed, most commonly under a Southern exposure. It is unlucky that in old-time themes one of his main traits and peculiar charms can be exercised only at the price of verisimilitude; I mean his fashion of using landscape as the refrain or under-note to character and situation, as in the "human ending to night-wind" audible to the childless Lucrezia, the sound of "all the rivers running to the sea" which solemnized the hour of temptation for Paolo and Francesca, or the "world of wearied passion dimly bright" which looked down from the languorous star on the unrest of Herod and Mariamne. Mr. Phillips cannot forego the luxury of such sentiments even when their expression is plainly anachronistic; and he goes much too far when he makes the shrewd Penelope lament that the return of Ulysses has deprived the surf and cloud, the dawn and the evening-star of the palpitant interest associated with the trembling hope of his arrival. The monologues and narratives are moderately interesting and reasonably poetical. "The Quest of Haidee," in ten diminutive cantos, is a sufficiently agreeable recital of the Eastern maiden's discovery and recovery of her English lover by a pilgrimage in which her only clue was the word "London."

The lovers of the timely will find compensation for these excursions in poems on Panama, pleading for justice as the privilege of America rather than the right of Britain; on Edward VII as peacemaker; on Tripoli in an anti-Italian sense; on "Red Rubber" (iniquities in the East); on the Balkan War; on wrongs of all grades, from the Kaiser's invasion of Belgium to the refusal of the Christmas breakfast egg to the poor children of the Lambeth Union. The cause is invariably righteous, and the attitude is usually indignant. If the wand which Nature and the Muses bestowed on Mr. Phillips is a bit too fragile to serve effectively as a cudgel, it is only fair to say that, though it rarely draws blood, it never snaps in his fingers. Rhetoric rather than poetry is conspicuous in these assaults, and its effectiveness is unquestionable in figures like the picture of Satan revisiting the earth in 1914, "And on his brow the thunder-scar unhealed"; or the touch that anathematizes the shirker:

> But though that orb may on an Empire set,
> Tomlinson lights another cigarette!

The execution of these poems is not impeccable. Fame or time has administered a sedative to conscience, and admission is found for prosaicisms, and, what is more serious, for hurried endings in which fatigue seems responsible for anticlimax. The verse is liquid, and of a real, though tenuous, melody. The fault of over-daring perversions or subversions of metrical regularity, which Mr. Archer once criticised in the pentameters of Mr. Phillips, is still discoverable, as in "And sudden lights of beautiful faces"; but is now so rare as to seem more like an assertion of prerogative than an indication of taste. Now and then we have a line of full-bodied music:

> Dawn broke in orange over lulling seas;

or one of imaginative vigor:

> The gray reminding rocks and floating gulls

or again a finely suggestive passage:

> Then as the dawn not yet appearing made
> A stillness in the world and one by one
> Bird upon bird awoke and dreamily
> Each to the other dimly felt for voice.

In Mr. Frost's "A Boy's Will" criticism detects three elements: first, vigorous landscapes sketched, or scooped out, with a bold, free hand; second, feeling of a certain trenchancy and distinction; and, third, superadded interpretations. Of these three constituents the last seems wholly perfunctory. Mr. Frost is a poet by endowment; he is a symbolist only by trade. The meaning he personally attaches to landscape seems quite unrelated to the meaning by which he hopes to enlist the sympathies of his readers. His philosophy, in a word, is propitiatory; it is Mr. Frost's apologetic bow to a supposedly intellectual public, and I am uncourtly enough to wish that the obeisance had been withheld. When Mr. Frost's intellectual revenues come in his verse will profit by the circumstance, but I doubt if it profits in the least by his anticipation of his income.

One point of detail unrelated to Mr. Frost's essential claims deserves a passing comment. Under the title of each poem in the table of contents a few words indicative of its purpose are set, and these phrases, read seriatim, make up a single coherent paragraph. This is an artifice, no doubt, but, in my opinion, a pardonable and commendable artifice; if poets will be locksmiths, they should furnish keys. I object personally to researches into obscure poetic meanings, not merely from the healthy human disinclination to overwork, but from a sense that the faculties which the assessing of probabilities and the summing up of evidence call into play are destructive of the moods in which poetry is absorbed and enjoyed. To extract, and so to separate, the soul from the body is surely the wrong way of approaching an art whose basis is the idea that the two are inseparable. Mr. Frost's expedient impresses me as sensible and considerate.

The real value of these poems lies in the quality of their emotion. Their tone is sombre, but it is that youthful sombreness which is little more than a play of hide-and-seek with cheerfulness. The definition of the feeling is not always sharp, but, even in its vagueness, it exhibits a savor, a saltiness, a reaching and penetrating quality, which augurs well for this young writer's future. I regret that Mr. Frost should think it desirable to exhibit in many places a crabbed syntax and a jolting metre. I am not consoled for these asperities by the probability that they are intentional, for I do not subscribe to the theory that in our day, when the Muses are lethargic, they must be jostled before they can be made to dance. I content myself with this gentle and modest imprecation: May Mr. Frost mount high on the slopes of Parnassus in a wagon without springs!

I quote two stanzas from "A Line-Storm Song":

> The line-storm clouds fly tattered and swift,
> The road is forlorn all day,
> Where a myriad snowy quartz stones lift,
> And the hoof-prints vanish away.
> The roadside flowers, too wet for the bee,
> Expend their bloom in vain.
> Come over the hills and far with me,
> And be my love in the rain.
>
> The birds have less to say for themselves,
> In the wood-world's torn despair
> Than now these numberless years the elves,
> Although they are no less there;
> All song of the winds is crushed like some
> Wild, easily shattered rose.
> Come, be my love in the wet woods; come,
> Where the boughs rain when it blows.

Mr. Arthur Ficke, justly praised a few months ago for a spirited volume of sonnets, returns to the charge with the promptitude, almost the precipitation, with which young poets respond to encouragement. I doubt if this celerity is encouraging to their reviewers. In the two narratives or "histories" that come first in "The Man on the Hill-Top," ability is manifest, but its effects are balked in the first poem by a quite unmanageable theme (a laboring man's literal self-crucifixion), and in the second by a superficial psychology in which egotism is mistaken for distinction and confusion for profundity.

In the group of diversified and ambitious

lyrics which follows there is more to interest, more to condemn, and more to admire. On the whole, there is greater finish and less power than in the "Sonnets of a Portrait-Painter." If those sonnets were intentionally *uncombed*, these later poems are sometimes suggestive of the curling-iron. The ode on Swinburne, in particular, is a model of virtuosity, but one cannot find a heart in a peruke.

Mr. Ficke feels called upon to condole with his friends for the pain which the necessity he is under of doing original and remarkable things may produce in their conservatism. The apology surely need not forestall the offence. I say this not in derision of Mr. Ficke—rather from a sense that the author of the "Sonnets of a Portrait-Painter" is too good a man to find occupation or even serious entertainment in watching the quiverings of his own shadow. He is keen enough to see the danger of anticlimax in solemn public leavetakings on the wharf when the avowed aim of the cruise is to bring back "the jewels of the sun."

Even romanticists and impressionists are mortal, and just as men in their unguarded moments show traits of their simian ancestry, so Mr. Ficke, whose progenitors were clearly men and women, has his hours of relapse into a human being. I quote the touching and truly poetical "Fathers and Sons" as a warning to Mr. Ficke's fellow-tribesmen of the fatal liability under which they stand of reversions to humanity and tenderness:

> Child to whom my loneliness
> Cries—and cries, I know, in vain,—
> Down the years I look and bless;
> Down the years let my hand press
> Strong your shoulder. I am fain
> You should reap from my sown pain
> Flowers of joy and loveliness,
> Child I love, and love in vain.
>
> You will never turn to me
> As I turn and cry to you,
> Regions strange and visions new
> Shall be yours to search and see.
> Old and alien I shall be.
> I who love you set you free.
> Yet recall I cried to you,
> Child I love so utterly.

The traits which I deprecate in Mr. Ficke I can tolerate much more readily in the author of "Verse." In Mr. Ficke they strike me as self-retrenchments; they appear to be self-fulfilments in Mr. Vance Thompson. There is something ultimate, I should hope terminal, in the idea of poetry reflected in this little volume which the pathology of literature could not willingly have let go. For Mr. Thompson, an artist has no responsibilities, no conscience, no purposes, no will; his business is to assume a recumbent posture and watch the exhalations, not to say the effluvia, of his own soul rise grandiosely into the firmament and mingle with their kindred nebulæ. The poems, in De Quincey's superb phrase, are "perishing dreams and the wrecks of forgotten deliriums." Mr. Thompson's idea of a rational and likable personality is a being who is half-ghost, half-satyr. If exercise becomes indispensable, one may walk up and down Broadway, watching the women of the street, in the company of the ghost of Edgar Poe:

> I walk in Broadway to and fro
> With the taciturn ghost of Edgar Poe.
> Girls idle for us where the lights
> Are red on the pavements there o' nights.
> Girls sidle with strenuous eyes for us,
> With gestures urgent and amorous.
> But we mock them, pacing to and fro—
> I and the ghost of Edgar Poe.
>
> "Dear ghost," I say to him, "to and fro
> As you walked in Broadway long ago
> Did the small girls idle for you and cry?"
> "Ho! the black stars swung in a yellow sky
> One night, one night—and a woman came
> Out of a harem of wind-blown fame;
> But the lips she laid on mine were snow—
> Bitter as ice," says the ghost of Poe.
>
> I make the sign of the cross.

The gift of translation, happily exhibited not long since by Mary Stewart in her free verse-renderings of Catullus, has descended upon Mr. Bernard Miall and Miss Alma Strettell in their English versions of the poems of Maeterlinck and Verhaeren. The poems of Maeterlinck, with their singular but far from ineffective union of lethargy and nightmare, their combined suggestion of hothouse and hospital, might have seemed destined to turn into drivel when they passed into English. But Mr. Bernard Miall at his best (even his worst is entirely respectable) retains their spirit, retains their rhythm, retains even whatever modicum of sanity is discoverable in the original French. This is good service, and entitles Mr. Miall to indulge a crotchet, and I shall therefore pass over his assertion in the preface that the "In Memoriam" stanza is a dull stanza, or rather no stanza at all, with the single comment that Mr. Miall's observations on prosody are certainly not "dull."

The originals of the poems of Verhaeren translated by Miss Alma Strettell are not immediately at my command, though I write in the library of the University of Chicago. Judged by their pure literary value, the poems here presented would rank creditably as English originals, which means, of course, that as translations their rank is very high.

The "Japanese Lyrics" in the "New Poetry Series" are dreamy ejaculations, meditative in spirit but concrete in form, rendered into English by Lafcadio Hearn with a touch that ranges from the deft to the exquisite. In English, fancy is associated with the gayety of the imagination; in Japan, if these scant pages are typical, it would seem to hold fellowship with melancholy. These lonely exclamations have a curiously double effect of concentration and of resigned aloofness, as if they were rifts in a stoicism which promptly closed over the temporary breach.

I welcome this increasing merit in translations. Translation, indeed, would seem to be almost the specific poetical function of an age which, in its relation to the makers of verse, is bountiful of accomplishments and frugal of inspirations.

O. W. Firkins.

Correspondence.

PUNIC FAITH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial, July 22, on the Austrian note, which objects to the American sale of arms to the Allies, you quote Germany's declaration of December 15, which says that, "under the general principles of international law, no exception can be taken to neutral states letting war materials go to Germany's enemies." You say that Austria is a good ally for Germany, because she will do for Germany what she would not do for herself—for instance, send this note which Germany, because of her declaration, could not send. This seems to imply regard for reason and consistency on the part of Germany. You further strengthen this implication by saying that "it would be a bit awkward for (Germany) to repudiate (her) declaration now." But why should it be awkward? Has there ever been a time since she broke her faith, because it was "necessary," with Belgium, or, more recently, since she murdered our fellow-countrymen on the Lusitania, that she has hesitated, even for the sake of avoiding awkwardness, to repudiate her acts and words alike? Alfred M. Brooks.

Gloucester, Mass., July 30.

THE TYRANNY OF SCIENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Few articles, since the beginning of the war, have furnished us with such inspiriting reading as is contained in Professor Babbitt's "The Breakdown of Internationalism." He sounds a much-needed call towards the virtues of concentration, of discipline, and of criticism. With this positive side of his philosophy many of us are in enthusiastic accord, and we shall do our best to work with him. But, because "right knowing is an indispensable preliminary" to right doing, as he himself says, it is our duty to criticise his interpretation of the past, to see whether he has called the devil by his right name, to discover whether the havoc in which we live is really due to humanitarianism.

He asserts that this type of warfare (mutual massacre) is "the final outcome of a propaganda for the establishment of universal brotherhood," a conclusion which I take leave to doubt, since it is at once too simple and too sophisticated. Too simple, since it implies that human brotherhood is finally indistinguishable from tigrine association; too sophisticated, since it implies that we can blame a current of ideas of the eighteenth century for all that is happening to us now. It is fatally easy to pick out some one doctrine that we personally detest, and label it the destroyer of virtue. In Professor Babbitt's vision of past history we seem to see a large, flat plain, in which armies of doctrines, some large, some small, lie intrenched and battling; a little coterie of disciplinary doctrines did well for a time, but they were overwhelmed in the period of the French Revolution by huge humanitarian squadrons, who insured their victory by the unscrupulous employment of poisonous gases.

Now, unless we can take an oath, and stick to it, unless we take a solemn vow never to allow theories precedence over facts, we are all likely to fall into such errors. It satisfies our inveterate love of abstractions to talk

about humanitarianism and expansionism; but it will hardly do to elevate them into the position of "causes of the war." We must employ sharper and hotter words. Man is the cause of this war—man's greed, man's folly, ably assisted by man's wisdom and man's unselfishness. This is not the time for us to curl up in a concentrated corner along with that infinitesimal minority, the "saving remnant," nor to discuss the possibility of "establishing peace in the breast of the individual." There is no peace in the breast of any save the dead.

But I do not wish to quarrel with Professor Babbitt over terms. I, too, am profoundly convinced that we may attribute this war to our neglect of humanism. I object only to his attempt to make humanitarianism the direct opposite of humanism. Suppose that we look, not at the French Revolution, but at ourselves; suppose that we directly and humbly assume a large part of the responsibility for this present hell, that we apply the acid-test, not to Rousseau, but to our own time. What were we doing just before the war? We were undeniably submerged in a vast epoch of science and industrialism, with Germany leading the field in both. We were all doing more or less the same things, but Germany was doing them more "efficiently" than the rest of us. Overnight the scene shifted from the laboratory and the factory to the trenches; and we have been so dazzled by the rapid change that we have not yet realized the one essential and appalling truth, namely, that the actors in the play remain absolutely the same as before.

Therefore we are all, including Americans, guilty in various degrees: Germany more and others less; but her guilt is due merely to the fact that she had gone farther along the same road. In her, then, we can study ourselves, not as we are, but as we soon may be. We are all awful examples, but she is the worst. If we can discover what Germany has done, we shall also discover what we have done; and we shall not be constantly hindered by our reluctance to discover any flaws in this great and beautiful neutral nation. In the first place, there is something visibly wrong about the German attitude towards science. I am not going to recount the mistakes her scientists have made, in so far as they are human errors to which we are all liable; but I am going to point out the huge mistake Germans have made about science, because that is an inhuman error. They are most damnably wrong in believing that scientific truth is all truth, in thinking that all human activity must be and can be controlled by science. Now that is not solely an intellectual error; it is a belief which has been fostered by all their passions, their greed for money and for power, their bestial love for dominion, and by pride in their unbroken material success of the last half-century. The result of this belief is inevitable: it leaves wholly out of account the other great aspect of human activity, the creative or poetic aspect, which is thereafter either mad and ungovernable or hopelessly aborted.

It will be easier to perceive the extent of the German aberration if we posit a single human being and study a living normal microcosm. What are the relations of such a man to science and to creation? Obviously a great part of his life will be spent in slavery to scientific "lawa." He must eat in order to live; he cannot jump from a fourth-floor window without breaking his neck; he can never in the slightest degree disturb the uniformity of nature. Nature's laws are enforced upon him automatically. We have been much puffed up over man's conquest of Nature. Strictly speaking, man has by no means conquered Nature. He has only availed himself of his increasing knowledge of Nature's rules in order that he may obey them more perfectly and with more profit to himself. He cannot alter them, but he can learn more about them. From the human point of view, he is, therefore, in absolute subjection to scientific truth. If that were all, then the Germans would be quite right in deifying *Wissenschaft*. But it is not all, for there is another side of this human being's life wherein he is, comparatively speaking, free. He cannot alter scientific truth, but he can and does alter both himself and other human beings. He can make them angry or happy, wise or foolish; he makes, creates, poetizes, whether he be cobbler or Kaiser, gentleman or vagabond. There are not, and never can be, any scientific rules which will control his activity in this sphere of his life; nor any penalties automatically enforced. So long as he lives, he cannot help creating; he must, in this sense, be a poet, but he is free to be either a good or a bad poet. We have, then, two great aspects of human activity, which, taken together, make up a whole truth. They are reciprocally related, for each one limits the other. Neither can get along without the other. The scientist needs the poetic faculty in order to make new discoveries and to understand his fellow men; the poet, the creator, the statesman, need the scientific faculty in order that they may not attempt the physically impossible. In the genuine human being, both faculties are combined in their due measure.

But in the Germans they are not combined in due measure. The Germans have spent decades in passionately persuading themselves that not only some things, but all things, can be done by science. They have tried to reduce the universe to the status of a scientific mechanism; they have tried to explain religion, art, literature, history, morality, and every branch of human creative activity, by science, and nothing but science. Nature functions like a perfect machine, and so the Germans have set out to make themselves into perfect machines. They are efficient, like machines; they are organized, like machines; they are disciplined and obedient, like machines. That is, they are all right scientifically. But when we come to observe their recent displays of creative activity, of poetry, of insight and imagination, what do we find them doing? They rape Belgium, they sack Northern France, they sink the Lusitania, they write the "Song of Hate," and their intellectuals issue reeking manifestoes. They are all wrong creatively. Their attempt to make scientific machines out of themselves has not been a complete success. It could not be. They have merely succeeded in directing their creative powers into the channels of insanity and death.

That is why I have called the Germans an awful example. We do well to be sober as we contemplate them, for we are beholding the logical results of sins which we are ourselves committing every day. Our business, our industries, of which we are so proud, are no more than a low but necessary form of scientific activity. Yet every American who is inclined to think that commercial prosperity is the whole truth which we must strive to attain, who thinks that efficiency will solve all our difficulties and finally usher us into the millennium, is really preparing a German hell for us over here. In order to live decently and humanly, we must be not only scientists but poets. We are daily facing novel situations and meeting dangers which we have never met before. Most important of all is the fact that there are no rules which we can look up, no handbooks of the complete science of life, for the simple reason that there is no science of life. We have to create, to adapt ourselves, to employ our imaginations, whether we will or no. The Germans are quite sufficient proof that human beings cannot succeed by virtue of science alone.

Perhaps a good many of us believe all these things I have been saying. If so, we must do something about it; we must convert our belief into action. It is precisely in this delicate matter of making a positive recommendation that we need the greatest clarity of thought. I agree with Professor Babbitt that we need discipline and criticism. But if my imperfect analysis has been even partially correct, we need far more than that, or, rather, we must extend the meaning ordinarily attached to those terms. We need that kind of discipline which will not sterilize or weaken our creative activity, but which will rather enhance it and guide it towards right action; that kind of criticism which amounts to re-creation. Our education must be neither exclusively scientific nor exclusively poetic; the attempt to be all one or all the other leads straight to insanity and straight away from humanity. At present the training given by our schools and colleges is almost wholly scientific. It makes no difference what "courses" a student takes; whether the subject be English, French, or chemistry, they are all treated in the same way as bodies of objective fact and fragments of the greater corpus of scientific knowledge. We have frequently joked about it, but the war should teach us that it is not a joke, but a very real peril to the country. So far from advocating inspirational or snap courses, we ought to tell our students that, no matter how hard they work at science, they must work harder still at literature.

"You must know enough scientific truth," we may say to them, "to be able to handle objective facts. You must learn so much about the laws of nature that you will be able to control your physical existence properly, to build a bridge or to make an engine, or whatever scientific work your profession summons you to do. But when you have accomplished that much, your task is only begun. You need to know men, to imagine, to invent, to become a creator. Otherwise you will be a mere mechanical beast, like the Prussians. Therefore, you must study great literature. You will find it taxes all your powers, if you go at it in the right way. For you must not only learn the necessary scientific facts about the literature, but you must do what is infinitely harder—you must sweat and struggle with your small gift of imagination and insight until somehow or other you shall live over again in yourself the joy and torture which attended the creative vision of the poet you are reading. That is a man's work. If you accomplish it at all, you may make both yourself and the world a little better."

Instead, therefore, of cursing democracy, muckrakers, and humanitarians, I propose that we curse nobody but our sinful selves. The legalism from which we suffer, the "pass-

another-law" state of mind, is not due to the existence of muckrakers. It is directly due to our idiotic attempts to control human life by laws falsely analogous to the laws of science. Our greed has been so stimulated and our imagination so stunned by the appalling growth of scientific industrialism that we have tried to make all humanity over upon a scientific bed of Procrustes. We cannot afford to wait long for Theseus.

R. K. HACK.

Cambridge, Mass., June 28.

SUGGESTIO VERI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me that in the article "Chautauqua and Water" in the *Nation* of August 5, you overlooked a point—one which makes Mr. Adams appear in the light of a sharper.

I know a good deal about Western audiences, and I will wager that a large number of Mr. Adams's hearers were chewing "Spearmint gum" during his lecture.

Consequently any one who wasn't himself or herself indulging in that pastime, and whose olfactory organs were normal, could have smelt peppermint anywhere in the room without "suggestion."

Mr. Adams probably knew this, and selected peppermint for that reason. Had he chosen some other scent results might not have been so satisfactory. JAMES R. LATIMER.

Chicago, August 7.

AN ANCIENT AND HONORABLE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have found nothing more interesting in your valuable anniversary number than Mr. George Haven Putnam's review of the American publishing houses for the last half century. There are few men now connected with the trade who could have brought together so much information on the subject with such a high degree of accuracy, but the *Nation* has taught its readers that no one (editors of course excepted) is omniscient. Mr. Lowell—was it not?—after reading the early numbers of the paper, cautioned his friend, "My dear Godkin, avoid omniscience," and I observe that with all Mr. Putnam's endeavors for thoroughness he has passed over the one American publishing house which has maintained a continuous existence for 126 years, and which has been established in New York city for more than a century, though the identity of the Methodist Book Concern has sometimes suffered from the former practice of using the names of the transitory "Publishing Agents" in its imprint instead of its corporate title.

The Concern was founded by the action of a Methodist Conference, meeting in the John Street Church in this city, in 1789. Philadelphia was its place of business until 1804, when it opened a salesroom in Gold Street, moving thence to Pearl, to Church, to Elm, to Chatham Square, to Fulton, to Crosby, and in 1833 to Mulberry Street, where its printing office was for a time one of the sights of the city. It continued to manufacture books and print religious periodicals there until 1890, when, with the offices and salesroom which had been for twenty years at 805 Broadway, the business was consolidated in the structure erected for it at 150 Fifth Avenue, corner of 20th Street, where it has since been carried on. It started in business on a (borrowed) capital of $600, which has grown to $6,000,000. For the last quarter of a century it has distributed more than $100,000 a year in pensions to what Methodists still commonly call "wornout preachers."

Incidentally, permit me to add that this house of honorable history has received at the Panama Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco a Grand Prize, the highest award given by the Exposition, for the printing and binding of books and general bookmaking. JAMES R. JOY.

New York, August 10.

Literature

A TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN SCIENCE.

Sanitation in Panama. By William Crawford Gorgas. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

It is now generally recognized that an important factor in the successful completion of the Panama Canal—a factor which insured success for the American effort where the French effort failed—was the control of the tropical and subtropical diseases which had in the past given the Canal Zone the reputation of being the most unhealthy spot on the face of the earth. It is also generally recognized that to Gorgas and his associates belongs the credit of this great triumph; but few persons are familiar with the scientific discoveries which preceded Gen. Gorgas's work and made it possible, or with the details of his practical application of these discoveries in the establishment of a rational sanitation.

Throughout this volume one is impressed with the modesty of Gen. Gorgas concerning his own work, and the care which he takes to give credit to those who preceded him, especially those who established the theory of the transmission of yellow fever by the mosquito. In this story, which deals with one of the greatest triumphs of American medicine, Gorgas details the views of Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, who believed that the mosquito was concerned in the transmission of yellow fever, but could not prove it, and also the observation of Dr. H. R. Carter, of the Public Health Service, which indicated that infection was not due to immediate contact. Then he takes up the observations of the United States Army Board—that famous and immortal board composed of Reed, Lazear, Carroll, and Agramonte—which finally and definitely established that yellow fever is transmitted by the bite of the female stegomyia mosquito; that this mosquito, to become infected, must suck the blood of a yellow-fever patient within the first three days of his disease, and that, after biting an infected person, twelve to twenty days must elapse before the mosquito herself is able to transmit the disease. These are the simple, plain facts upon which Gorgas later was to rear his practical system of sanitation by which Havana and Panama were rid of yellow fever; but one must read Gorgas's account to appreciate fully the unflagging labors, the acme of scientific reasoning, and the heroism of this Army Board—of Lazear and Carroll volunteering to bare their arms to the bite of infected mosquitoes, and of Lazear succumbing to the resultant disease, and thus giving his life to demonstrate a scientific theory, while Carroll died several years later from the undermining of his health, due in all probability to that earlier infection; of other volunteers sleeping in and using the soiled clothing of those dying from yellow fever, in order to demonstrate that infection could not be transmitted by contact with the discharges of the yellow-fever patient, but only by the bite of the mosquito. No more glorious work was ever done by any army in time of peace or war, and with Gorgas's later application of the scientific facts thus gained, the control of yellow fever did much to atone for the poor showing of the sanitary department of the United States Army in the Spanish-American War.

Gorgas had immediately an opportunity to apply these principles in Havana, to which place he had gone two years before (1898) as head of the Sanitary Department. Yellow fever had been endemic in Havana since 1762, and, thinking it a disease due to filth, Gorgas had believed that if he could clean Havana yellow fever would disappear. By 1900 Havana had been cleaned. As Gen. Gorgas says, "Havana was cleaner than any other city had ever been up to that time," but, despite this, yellow fever not only was not under control, but was increasing, and in 1900 the incidence of the disease was greater than for several years. About this time Gorgas, who had been in close touch with the Army Board, began a practical campaign against the mosquito. This was based on the fact that a mosquito, to become infected, must bite a patient within the first three days of the disease. All persons with yellow fever were quarantined in screened wards; the house in which the patient had been sick and contiguous houses were fumigated with such material as would kill mosquitoes, and the breeding of mosquitoes (in water) was prevented. The same precautions as regards quarantine and fumigation were applied to incoming ships. The result was amazing. A city of 250,000 people in which yellow fever had existed for 200 years, and which for ten years previous had had an average of over 500 deaths a year from this disease (in 1900, the year before the campaign against mosquitoes was started, 310 deaths) was in eight months free of the disease. Not only this, but deaths from malaria decreased rapidly, and in a few years this disease also disappeared almost entirely. Indeed, in September, 1901, so beneficial had been Gorgas's sanitation that the deaths in Havana from all causes were only 359, a rate of 15.64 per cent. per thousand. It was in this connection that Gorgas wrote Reed: "I am getting so that I am afraid to go back to the United States and run the risk of infection and bad hygiene that you are constantly sub-

jected to in cities such as Washington, New York, etc."

It is not surprising that, with this experience and with this record behind him, Gorgas was appointed, in 1904, Chief Sanitary Officer for the Isthmus.

Here the immediate and most important problem, aside from preliminary organization, was, as in Havana, the control of yellow fever. The French had lost yearly from the disease one-third of their white force. If the same ratio held under the new régime, as was to be expected among the non-immune Americans, thirty-five hundred deaths annually were to be feared. Such a death-rate would mean not only great difficulty in keeping Americans at Panama, and necessarily a great increase in wages, but, even if these difficulties could be overcome, it was doubtful if Congress would sanction the loss by yellow fever of two to three thousand Americans yearly.

As a result of experience in Havana, destruction of the mosquitoes by fumigation therefore became the first order of business in the Canal Zone, but on a scale never before attempted. Instead of only houses in which yellow fever occurred being dealt with, the entire city of Panama, with 20,000 inhabitants, was fumigated. Starting at one end of the city, the corps went through every house. This took a month, and as some cases of yellow fever still occurred, the procedure was repeated a second time; still other cases of yellow fever occurred, and a third fumigation of the entire town followed. The magnitude of this wholesale destruction of mosquitoes is shown by the fact that in the course of a year the entire supply of insect powder of the United States, 120 tons, and 300 tons of sulphur were used.

But all this was not done without great opposition. Gorgas was subordinate to the Governor of the Canal, and could reach the chairman of the Commission only through him. The Sanitary Department was hampered in its work, yellow fever continued, and the rank and file of the men began to believe that they were doomed, as had been the French before them. Matters came to a head when the Governor and the Chief Engineer recommended to the Secretary of War that Dr. Gorgas and those who believed in the mosquito theory be removed and that men with more practical views be appointed in their stead. Fortunately for the early and successful completion of the canal, the prestige of the United States, and the cause of sanitation the world over, the President of the United States was familiar with what had been done in Havana, believed that the mosquito theory had been established, and not only declined to sanction the change recommended, but directed that every possible support and assistance be extended to the sanitary officers.

This must be considered one of Roosevelt's most important decisions, for within six months Gorgas was able to clean up both Panama and Colon, the two principal foci of yellow-fever infection at either end of the railway, and in November, 1905, the last case of this disease occurred in Panama. A single case occurred in Colon in May, 1906, but during the eight years following not one case originated on the Isthmus. This result quieted alarm in the region and gave the sanitary officials great prestige, not only among the employees of the canal, but also among the natives, and thus assured their ready coöperation in later sanitary efforts. No wonder the people of the United States are proud of the conquest of yellow fever as a work inaugurated and completed by officers of the Federal Government—the scientific basis of the mosquito theory established by an Army Board, the practical application of this theory, worked out in Havana by an army sanitary officer, its further application assured in Panama by the decision of a wise and far-seeing President, and the final eradication of disease from this, the unhealthiest spot in the world, again the work of army sanitarians. The canal would probably have been completed without the triumphs which Gorgas worked, but with what a loss of time, of money, and of lives. Humanity owes a debt indeed to that first Army Board and its heroic members.

Although yellow fever was the fundamental problem of sanitation in the Canal Zone, it was not the only problem. As Gorgas states, the most important pioneer work was done in 1905 and 1906, and by the autumn of 1907 it was a question of holding what had been gained. Malaria received almost as much attention as yellow fever, and the campaign taken up in earnest after the control of yellow fever involved an area fifty miles long and about two miles broad. Other special problems were those concerning lepers and the insane and quarantine against bubonic plague. More general problems related to hospital management, sanitation for the convalescent, and matters of quarantine. The methods of meeting all these problems Gorgas gives in detail. Here may be presented the general result. The average force on the Isthmus during ten years was 39,000 men. The average sick-rate was 23 men per thousand per day, as contrasted with an estimate of 333 per thousand during the French occupation. The death-rate for ten years was 17 per thousand for each year, as contrasted with 200 per thousand during the period of French control. It is this death-rate, lower than that of many of our northern cities, that constitutes a most important by-product of this country's activities in the Canal Zone; namely, the demonstration that proper sanitation guarantees a healthy life in the tropics, and may be the means of throwing open to settlement large areas of the earth's surface, now non-productive.

It is not to be inferred, because the reviewer has followed the main scientific theme—yellow fever—of Gen. Gorgas's account, that the book is a dry recital of matter pertaining to tropical diseases and health in the tropics. On the contrary, the author has introduced many interesting accounts of the early history of Havana and Panama, much of which reads like romance, and numerous personal experiences, sometimes humorous, sometimes tragic—all of which make an exceedingly readable story of what must be considered as an epoch-making achievement in American history.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Indiscreet Letter. By Eleanor Halloweil Abbott. New York: The Century Co.

As what may be termed an American magazine masterpiece, this little story deserves notice. It has the jauntiness, the briskness, the superficial touches of modern daring, and the underlying world-old sentimentalism; the damsel-errant motive, now so popular, and the chivalrous-drummer motive, hardly less so. The damsel is of high degree, according to her author, though she talks, as it happens, rather like a vivacious stenographer on an outing. In short, it has precisely that inherent commonplaceness plus the fillip of novelty in setting and detail, which constitutes the much-vaunted "punch" of literary and dramatic commerce. Hence its republication in book form of the dainty decorated pale-blue border kind. "Summer reading," of course.

The House of Many Mirrors. By Violet Hunt. New York: Brentano's.

A novelist of twenty years' experience, this writer acquired early something of the sophisticated manner which Mr. James has made both sublime and ridiculous. It is a little old-fashioned by now: give us something brisker, franker, simpler, something neither Victorian nor consciously non-Victorian, but our own. Here are the sophisticated air, the hints and hedgings and implications, the avoidance of plain speaking. It is possible to conceal a good deal of emptiness, among other things, beneath this manner. A sufficiently clever performer can give the desired flavor to mere sawdust and ashes. For a good part of his way through this book the reader may well be uncertain as to whether he is reading about anything or not. We seem to be pottering inefficiently with certain ancient materials such as a hero of the artistic temperament, a terrible old man with a fortune, a family row about a possible inheritance, and so on. As for the wife of the temperamental gentleman, she comes very near being a bore with her solicitudes. But for fifty pages at the end the story becomes forthright and intelligible, poignant in its way. That Alfy may inherit his heart's desire, Rosamond, about to die, not only conceals her condition, not only steals away to die alone, but contrives a further sacrifice by writing a long series of letters to be forwarded to him at regular intervals after her death. By this means Alfy is kept at his post, that is to say, at the bedside of the dying rich uncle. There, too, is a young female cousin who, against

her own interests, plots for Alfy. The end of the story is full of ironies. Rosamond's bequeathed letters have been written in desperation and are not up to the mark of Alfy's theory of his wife. His gradual estrangement from her is paralleled rather than caused by a creeping intimacy with the young cousin Emily. The old man dies, and it turns out that a will of twenty-five years standing is in favor of Alfy. Rosamond's sacrifice has been unnecessary. Emily is more or less stranded, and Alfy decides to take her to Rosamond. On the journey, seeing a long life of impossible self-suppression before them, they succumb to the temptation of the moment. At the end of the journey the truth about poor Rosamond, six weeks dead, sufficiently avenges her.

The Sea-Hawk. By Rafael Sabatini. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

A gadzooks romance with a generous measure of blood, revenge, sacrifice, villany, adventure, and heart-interest. For the reader who does not find improbability dull, it will be guilty of no dull moment; and if you like a fustian style, here is your article. Two brothers, one seeming-virtuous but really vile, the other a wild blade with the heart of a saint—we have met these gentry before. The young hypocrite (Lionel) is guilty of a deed of blood which the old blade (Sir Oliver) might have done. Sir Oliver takes the blame; but Lionel does not trust him, and has him kidnapped, on the pleasant understanding that he is to be sold in Africa as a galley-slave. The lovely and high-born maiden who has provisionally given her heart to Sir Oliver, believes all against him, and Sir Oliver is duly carried off, but by fortune and merit presently becomes Sakr-el-Bahr, the Sea-Hawk, champion and chief corsair of Islam. After a season he returns in a captured Spanish galleon to England and abducts Brother Lionel and the maiden, now Brother Lionel's betrothed. Then there are all kinds of doings, involving the appearance of Lionel and maiden in an Oriental slave market, perils for both on land and sea, their rescue by the Sea-Hawk, and the eventual vindication of that gentleman. Now all this material is good enough of its kind. Our quarrel with this sort of book—and we have read ten like it within a year or two—is that the material is woodenly and perfunctorily employed. Is the special audience at which costume romance is aimed so dull as to make an author's pains wasted? A century after Walter Scott, can his successor in the big wow-wow strain afford to be so hopelessly and, as it were, brazenly his inferior in historical accuracy, in human portraiture, in style? The truth may be rather that Sir Walter was too good for his audience than that these yarn-spinners are too bad for theirs. For his audience was youth or the spirit of youth, and if there is any absurdity of matter or manner which that audience is not prepared to swallow in the name of romance, history doth not record it.

INDUSTRIAL RUSSIA.

An Economic History of Russia. By James Mavor. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Two vols. $10.

Since Mackenzie Wallace published his classic "Russia" nearly forty years ago no English writer has essayed so comprehensive and considerable a survey of economic conditions in Russia as the author of these two substantial volumes. Like Wallace, Professor Mavor knows Russian, and acquired some of his material from first-hand observation on the spot. But by far the greater part of his work is based on the researches of recent Russian investigators; so that, while Wallace always has the freshness of the steppes and village life, Professor Mavor's work suggests the scholar's study and midnight oil. Where Wallace was content to describe discursively as a traveller, Professor Mavor proceeds to formal analysis and to philosophic or socialistic interpretation. Wallace gives a cross-section of Russia in the second half of the nineteenth century. Mavor describes the growing current of economic life (and to a large extent of political and constitutional life also) from the dim past, when the Slavs were but a name, down to the meeting of the Duma in the twentieth century. The two authors are complementary. The one is as indispensable as the other to any person who would get some solid knowledge of the great unknown land of unlimited possibilities.

Professor Mavor's point of view is that of the toiler—the tiller of the soil and the proletariat of the factory. His sympathy is not with the autocracy and its police, however well-meant their efforts have been. At times he leans quite heavily on one-sided revolutionary sources and on the writings of Russian exiles like the gentle anarchist, Kropotkin; but as he always cites his authorities carefully, it is easy for the reader to check up his statements.

In the first part of the first volume the author describes the early Slavs, the consolidation of the Russian state under the Muscovite princes, the gradual degradation of the peasants into serfs (not effected as commonly stated by Boris Godunov in 1597), and the rise and decline of the Russian Estates General, or Zemsky Sobor, in the seventeenth century. In all this Professor Mavor wisely follows the sure guidance of Kluchevsky's excellent "History of Russia." Though the first volumes of this have since been translated into English, students will find that Professor Mavor often gives a clearer idea of what Kluchevsky is saying than does the translator, for the former at any rate is acquainted with somewhat analogous institutions in feudal Europe. But even so, his pages about *kholopi*, "*kabala* men," "votchinal ownership," and *tyaglo* are fairly difficult reading. The agrarian history is particularly difficult to follow because the author does not consistently adhere to one terminology: "peasant," "bondsman," and "serf" are apparently all used at different times to mean the same thing.

But with the appearance of Peter the Great, the reader's perplexities disappear. He can enjoy a clear and enthusiastic account of that ruler's extraordinary military, fiscal, commercial, and industrial reforms. To raise the funds for the army and navy, Peter resorted to an inconceivable jumble of taxes, "an excise upon hats, boots, and skins, taxes upon inns, upon rented houses, upon cellars, chimneys, baths, water, and upon loading and discharging lumber, upon the sale of food in general, and in particular upon watermelons, cucumbers, and nuts" (I, 133). Beards might be worn, but they were taxed, for a nobleman's beard sixty rubles, for a merchant's eighty, and for a serf's thirty. Taxes also were paid at birth and at marriage, though by a strange oversight the tax-inventors omitted an impost on funerals.

More than two-thirds of the first volume deals with the century and a half from Peter the Great's death down to the next important landmark in the economic history of Russia, the "fall of bondage right," *i. e.*, the emancipation of the serfs in 1861. Professor Mavor has much that is new and valuable to say in regard to the various classes of agricultural serfs, the influence of the Slavophils and of writers like Turgeniev and Chernishevsky, the growing conviction of the evils of serfdom, and the long labors of the numerous committees which finally accomplished emancipation. He makes very plain the tremendous opposition that had to be overcome, but he does not make sufficiently clear and detailed the purely economic results of emancipation. One expects to find these results analyzed in the second volume, but on opening it one sees that the author's interest has shifted to another matter—to the conflict between autocracy and revolution.

The first great revolutionary movement in Russia, according to the author, was "The Rising of Pugachev," in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Though commonly regarded as an agrarian movement, Professor Mavor believes it to have been largely industrial in its origin, being due to the social dislocations caused by Peter the Great's frantic efforts to establish manufactures. Thousands of serfs, instead of being *adscripti glebæ*, were ascribed to the factories and mining concerns run by the State or by private nobles. It was largely these industrial serfs, in southeast Russia and in the Western Urals, who swelled Pugachev's following and enabled him to defy the armies of autocracy for more than two years. The next revolution, the half-baked "Decabrist" affair of 1825, was, on the contrary, largely military; it was due to French ideas fermenting in the heads of Russians who had campaigned on the soil of France in 1814-15; but it was sharply nipped in the bud by the personal bravery of Nicholas I. It was only after emancipation, and largely because of the social dislocations caused by it, that the "revolutionary state of mind" began to be deep and widespread in Russia.

It was furthered enormously by three factors: the "western" and socialistic propaganda of the intellectuals of the seventies and eighties, the inefficiency of the autocracy both at home and abroad, and the inevitable disturbing effects of the growth of capitalistic industry.

All these factors and their complicated interrelations are clearly and excellently described by Professor Mavor. They will doubtless be found by most persons to be the most interesting part of his volumes. They centre upon personalities who are audacious, sinister, and mysterious, and they blaze forth in assassination of the police and by the police. Professor Mavor does not indulge in rhetoric, but gives us the cold facts of Khalturin sleeping with dynamite under his pillow, of Zubatov and Azev playing the perilous double rôle of police spy and labor agitator, and of Father Gapon driven against his will from an economic into a political agitation which resulted in "Bloody Sunday." After analyzing in detail the series of strikes in 1905 by which revolution triumphed over absolutism, the author speaks briefly of the reaction which followed, but closes with a note of hopefulness:

> Russia has changed abruptly from a country in which criticism was sternly suppressed to one in which criticism abounds. The Duma, with all its defects, has become a school in which a new generation of competent rulers may be trained. Without some such school as this—outside of the bureaucratic field—it would be impossible for Russia to aim towards an effective democracy.

THE SOCIALISTIC DIASPORA.

The Socialists and the War. By William English Walling. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

In promptly collecting and publishing the official statements of the Socialist parties and the record of their acts since the outbreak of the war, Mr. Walling has rendered good service to all those who are interested in the Socialist movement. His book has the especial merit of being strictly a record of facts and documents. He has studiously refrained from argument and from all comment other than the barest minimum of necessary explanation. While this makes his book rather difficult reading for one who is not at least moderately well versed in the minutiæ of Socialist politics, it notably enhances its value as a collection of references.

The common notion that the outbreak of war in Europe last August cut well below the lines of division most deeply etched in the social fabric of the belligerent countries is certainly correct so far as Socialism is concerned. In the countries affected the Socialists went to the colors and the "International" collapsed at the first shock of conflict. In November, 1914, Karl Kautsky (commonly regarded as the leading Socialist writer of the day) wrote in his paper, *Die Neue Zeit*, as follows:

> So the present war shows the limits of the power of the International. We deceived ourselves if we expected that it might assure an harmonious attitude of the whole Socialist proletariat of the world during the world war. Such a position was possible only in a few specially simple cases. The world war split the Socialists into various national camps. The International is unable to prevent that. That is to say, it is no effective tool in war. It is essentially an instrument of peace (p. 231).

In France and Belgium Socialists were invited to join the Government, and accepted. No such invitation, however, was given in Germany or Austria. In Germany the party, after violent dissensions in caucus, supported the Government on the ground that it was a "defensive" war. The Austrian Socialists took virtually the same course. It was asserted by Haase in the Reichstag that the international labor movement has "at all times recognized the right of every people to national independence and national defence, and at the same time we condemn all war for conquest" (p. 144). The Russian Socialists of the Duma, fourteen in number, however, declined to vote the war credit in August and declared themselves opposed to the war. Italian Socialists, while declaring opposition to war, showed great bitterness against the Teutonic allies. Two of the three Socialist organizations in Britain aligned themselves with the Government at the outbreak of war, and the third divided about equally on the question a little later.

That the downfall of the International at touch of the sword proves much against the future of Socialism may reasonably be doubted. As Mr. Walling says, in his opening chapter:

> The general public felt greater confidence in the Socialists' powers than the Socialists themselves had ever felt. When they failed to live up to public expectation a part of the public believed that Socialism was bankrupt. But a far larger part showed greater interest than ever. The Socialists at least had done all in their power to prevent the war from breaking out. It is true that the governments participating also claim to have tried to prevent the war. But while the sincerity of some or of all the governments is widely questioned almost nobody has the slightest doubt as to the sincerity of the Socialists (pp. 3-4).

The truth is, probably, as Kautsky said, that war is stronger than Internationalism in its present stage of development, but war will not last forever, and Socialism may, at least conceivably, exist on a large scale before real internationalism comes into being. The casuists of the Socialist parties, Bauer, for example (p. 20), can make a place for war in the Socialist scheme while things are as they are—nor is their reasoning unsound.

It is only natural, however, that we should find the Socialists in the warring nations leading in the efforts—such as those efforts are—for peace. The German Socialists (and those of Austria-Hungary) have developed a very strong minority which takes the ground that the purposes of a "defensive" war have already been accomplished and that it is time to cease fighting, without attempt at aggrandizement of territory. Probably half the parties of German-speaking nations take this view, which is openly expressed by *Vorwärts* to the limit allowed by the censorship. Socialists in neutral nations are, of course, in the main, for peace, although very divergent views as to the nature of the peace to be made are found to exist. In France, England, and Italy the pacifist proportion among Socialists is very much smaller than in Germany and Austria. The French Socialists seem to be almost unanimous for a fight to the end. A conference of Socialists in "Allied" nations in February endorsed the war as necessary to break German imperialism.

AMERICA AND JAPAN.

America to Japan: A Symposium of Papers by Representative Citizens of the United States on the Relations Between Japan and America and on the Common Interests of the Two Countries. Edited by Lindsay Russell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

The symposium of papers by Japanese writers of distinction, entitled "Japan to America," to which the present volume is a response, was reviewed in these columns a few months ago. As the various contributions had been prepared for publication before the outbreak of the great war, this disturbing element did not enter in any way into the discussion. It was impossible for contributors to the later volume to ignore the subject altogether, although many of them have weakened their appeal by needless avoidance of its logical bearings on the situation to-day. But for Dr. Charles W. Eliot's manly and outspoken approval of "the effective execution by Japan of its treaty with Great Britain," it would be difficult for a reader of "America to Japan" to gather from its pages that Japan was and is at war, and on the side of the Allies. In fact, the language of some of the contributors might fairly be held to imply the contrary. "We of Japan and America," declares Mr. Darwin P. Kingsley, at the close of a paper entitled "Human Brotherhood," must unite to slay its (war's) artificial monsters, to banish its unnatural terrors. Otherwise sovereignty will go on quarrelling with sovereignty, and so forth. This endeavor to separate our aims and ideals from those of the Allies, when the danger to Japan lies in the imperial and militaristic character of her Constitution, spoils much of the argument. Only one of the papers is from a Japanese pen, that by Prof. T. Iyenaga, lecturer on political science in the University of Chicago, and he makes it patent that he regards American friendship as incomplete without English partnership. He is glad that "an ever-increasing number of his fellow-countrymen not only understand the English language, but are capable of interpreting to their compatriots the spirit of Anglo-American civilization." To insure the future development of Japan, it is imperative that she preserve and strengthen her friendship with both the great English-speaking peoples, and gradually substitute their representative institutions for her present imperialism. If they treat her unfairly or trifle with her legitimate demands, she will surely drift

into a militaristic policy. Hence there is nothing more dangerous or unpatriotic than to make Japan a pawn in our domestic politics.

At present Japan is proud to be the trusted ally of Great Britain, and wise Americans, in touching on international topics, would do well to remember this fact. The *Japan Mail*, which for many years did good service in placing the Japanese case before the world, and in smoothing the relations between Orient and Occident, was conducted by an Englishman, but some of his ablest henchmen were Americans, and the journal stood for Anglo-American good-will. There was the same united action in the Asiatic Society of Japan at Tokio, where presidents and secretaries were alternately British or American. The Protestant missions of both countries have also coöperated in their work. The absence throughout the volume of any proper appreciation of this relationship is a distinct and regrettable weakness.

Nor can we address Japan, as do several of the contributors, as if this country were altogether free from the imputation of adding to its possessions by successful wars. Our Mexican War of sixty years ago, followed by a huge accession of territory, is hard to justify; our Spanish War of 1908 resulted in the capture of the Philippines, and we became, like Britain, France, and Holland, an Asiatic Power holding our possessions by military force; and the obtaining of the land needed for constructing the Panama Canal and securing a foothold on the Isthmus was a high-handed piece of diplomacy which has made Colombia our bitter enemy and requires warships and fortifications to back it up. Justify as we may to our own satisfaction the acquisition by purchase and conquest of the Philippines, yet it marked so complete a change in our foreign policy as to lead at once to a less trustful attitude on the part of Japan. As it was followed soon after by the Californian trouble, this country had to take thenceforth the second place in the regard of the Japanese people, the first place going to Great Britain. Before that time we stood easily first. There is no hint in the symposium of this shifting of sympathies.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler stands almost alone among the contributors in his attitude towards the recent anti-alien legislation at Sacramento. He denies that this legislation is directed against the Japanese as a people, and defends Californians as practical Americans, who have arrived at the most sensible view regarding the problems involved in the contact of East and West. He thinks that "other Americans, as fast as they come to a full understanding of the situation, will take the same view." Later on in the article he expresses surprise—and wisely—at the scant attention paid to Dr. Gulick's proposal, "which admits from any land, Asiatic or European, a certain fixed percentage of those from the same land who are already naturalized Americans. This proposal has the double merit of avoiding a sudden change in the proportion of immigrants from different countries and of treating all on the same basis." Politicians would do well to take the hint. While some of the papers are marked by a patronizing self-complacency, others err on the side of flattery. Thus Mr. Larz Anderson, ex-Ambassador to Japan, finds Japan a "Wonderland," which revealed each time he saw it "the same great national traits that are among the finest which have been granted to mankind, and which flash out now and then, even in these modern material days, in some splendid act of self-sacrifice or heroism, of loyalty to Emperor, to country, to family, to tradition, which is so fine, but now, alas! so out of date in the rest of the world that it is scarcely understood or appreciated." What of the wonderful devotion the German people are showing to Emperor and Fatherland, or the extraordinary spontaneous loyalty of the colonies to the British Empire, or the heroism of little Belgium?

The same false note is struck in Mr. George Kennan's "What the West Might Learn from Japan." He comments on the numerous evidences of Japanese chivalry and courtesy shown towards their enemies in Manchuria: the monument erected to the Russian soldiers who perished at Port Arthur; the memorial crosses put up over the graves of Russians who died between Liao-yang and Mukden; the honor paid to the brave Russian spy, Vassili Liuboff, whom they shot, but commended for his loyalty. "Does that sound," he concludes, "like anything that we have heard from either side in the present conflict?" Yes, indeed; has he not read of the splendid military funeral given to Capt. Mueller, of the Blucher, who died a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle? And yet the great warship he commanded was on its way to shell the coast towns of eastern England. Anglo-American civilization has never been behindhand in such manifestations of chivalrous courtesy.

Among the fifty papers, there are several which claim particular attention. The seventh in order, entitled "The Pacific Coast Peril," by Mr. Francis B. Loomis, former Assistant Secretary of State, is the result of a visit to California and a careful personal examination of actual conditions. He contends that the present "irritating and humiliating discriminations toward the Japanese should cease." He denies that they are going to overturn California, to acquire a considerable portion of the land, to get an undue share of business, to snap up the Philippines. Moreover, "the Japanese people have an historic and sentimental bias in favor of the United States; those already here are on the way to become excellent citizens"; and "*if they were let alone or were given the ballot and citizenship, the whole question would disappear.*"

Another valuable article is "Treaty Thraldom and Release," by Mr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*. He pays a deserved tribute to the personality and labors of Townsend Harris, who went to Japan in 1856 as Consul-General from the United States and won the lasting good-will of the Japanese people. Harris inaugurated a policy which made them believe that, more than any other nation, the American Government has been actuated in her Oriental policy "by the principles and motives that govern private relations among just and considerate men."

Several of the papers, notably the last, by the editor of the whole symposium, give expression to the hope that Japan will prove the helpful brother to China in educating her and bringing her into the international fold, "acting as guardian *pro tem.*" He would recommend that we "coöperate with Japan in every way possible, and ultimately we shall also benefit by the increased purchasing power of China which will come through Japan's activities." Unfortunately for this hope, Japan has not shown that she is capable of acting as a teacher of Western civilization. The thousands of Chinese students who flocked to Tokio within the past decade, to be modernized at second hand, seem to have acquired nothing but political restlessness; the two nations do not understand one another; and to-day Japanese goods and the Japanese coinage are boycotted far and wide by angry Celestials. China, like Japan, will have to come direct to the West for her education, and we need not hamper ourselves with an unpopular partner.

THE FIRST ELLIOTT MONOGRAPHS.

Flaubert's Literary Development in the Light of His "Mémoires d'un Fou," "Novembre," and "Education Sentimentale." By A. Coleman. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

Sources and Structure of Flaubert's Salammbô. By P. B. Fay and A. Coleman. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

La Composition de Salammbô. By F. A. Blossom. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

The series of Johns Hopkins monographs, edited by Edward C. Armstrong and dedicated to the memory of A. Marshall Elliott, professor of Romance languages in the Johns Hopkins University from 1876 to his death in November, 1910, begins with three studies of Flaubert. Though dated 1914, these monographs, according to the advertisement in *Modern Language Notes*, constitute "the issue for 1915." The first and longest is "Flaubert's Literary Development in the Light of His 'Mémoires d'un Fou,' 'Novembre,' and 'Education Sentimentale' (version of 1845)," by A. Coleman. The other two are "Sources and Structure of Flaubert's Salammbô," by P. B. Fay and A. Coleman, and "La Composition de Salammbô d'après la Correspondance de Flaubert (1857-1862) avec un Essai de Classement Chronologique des Lettres," by F. A. Blossom.

The three volumes are a valuable addition to our knowledge of the remarkable writer who, in this country at least, however much has been written of him in France, is often little known, except in "Madame Bovary" and "Salammbô." Yet in American libraries, during the last five or six years, books have been accessible giving much trustworthy information about Flaubert, which the authors of these mono-

graphs frequently refer to—studies of various phases of the man and his work by René Descharmes and René Dumesnil, and also E. W. Fischer's "Etudes sur Flaubert Inédit" (with a detailed account of his earliest "Tentation de Saint Antoine"), translated from the German into French. Like these, the Elliott monographs—as their titles indicate—consider the early work of Flaubert, the formative years of his life, and (with detailed study) various matters connected with "Salammbô."

The second and third of the three volumes deal with such special material and treat it so technically that they must serve chiefly as reference books. But aside from the particular information which they give, the most interesting part of which concerns the use that Flaubert, in writing his Carthaginian romance, made of Polybius, they throw new light on the deliberate, painstaking study, always refusing obstinately to be hurried, that was so important an element in Flaubert's art. They show clearly that the barbaric details of many a picture in "Salammbô" which seem the product of an incredibly, if not even madly, exuberant imagination, are after all based on the minutest research.

The first volume, dealing with Flaubert's literary development in the first twenty-four years of his life, considering him as both a "romantic" and a realist, is much less technical than the other two, and so is likely to prove of more general interest. Yet even this might to advantage show in its style less scholarly coldness and more enthusiasm for its subject. Since certain learned bodies have given their sanction to *thru* for *through*, and a few similar misspellings, it is perhaps unreasonable to wish that they did not appear in Mr. Coleman's work, as they do also in the other monographs. Even so, most readers will regret their presence. But when these objections are made, there is little to say of this volume except in praise of its careful investigation, clear statement of fact, and critical soundness. To many readers its most interesting information will be of Flaubert's indebtedness in "Novembre" to Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin"—an indebtedness, unless the reviewer is mistaken, now pointed out for the first time. The resemblance between the stories, as stated in the monograph, appears conclusive. But all the information here given is interesting to a student of Flaubert as well as useful.

All in all, these monographs give no different impression of Flaubert from that which we had previously got from M. Descharmes's "Flaubert . . . avant 1857." None was to be expected, for M. Descharmes did his work with persuasive thoroughness. What they do is very usefully to enlarge our stock of information about the great French novelist. And one who reads the three monographs will understand better than he did before how the coldly contained realist of "Madame Bovary" could dream the dreams in "Salammbô" of the richest splendor of "the gorgeous East" and its unspeakable savagery.

Notes

Henry Holt & Co. announce that they will shortly add to their American Historical Series "A Short History of England and the British Empire," by L. M. Larson.

Small, Maynard & Co. announce for publication in the autumn "The Silver Ring," by Frank R. Adams.

Among the forthcoming publications of Harper & Bros. are: "The Inner Law," by Will N. Harben; "The Trail of the Hawk," by Sinclair Lewis; "The Story of a Pioneer," by Anna Howard Shaw, in collaboration with Elizabeth Jordan; "The Laughing Muse," by Arthur Guiterman; "Mark Tidd in Business," by Clarence B. Kelland.

T. Fisher Unwin announces the publication of "The World in Conflict," by L. T. Hobhouse.

"The Curious Lore of Precious Stones" and "The Magic of Jewels and Charms," by George F. Kunz, will be published in the autumn by J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Century Co. announces the forthcoming publication of "A History of American Literature," by Fred Lewis Pattee; "Pegeen," by Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, and "The Strange Story of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear," by Mabel Fuller Blodgett.

"The Elements of the Great War: the First Phase," by Hilaire Belloc (Hearst's International Library Co.; $1.50 net), is the first of six volumes. From this allowance of space one may assume that the author expects the war to last three years or more. Mr. Belloc brings to his task the lucidity and picturesqueness which have ever distinguished him as essayist and historian. He has had military training in France and has walked over much of the terrain now the scene of operations. He is a devotee of the diagram, and has the knack of simplifying larger movements in a fairly Euclidean fashion. About half of the present volume is given up to preliminaries—considerations of races, population, and conflicting national ambitions. The second half describes the German rush in Belgium, northern France, and Poland, terminating on the eve of the battle of the Marne. In this first phase of the war Mr. Belloc asserts that Germany fought on both fronts in a superiority of about three to one. The checking of this onslaught inaugurates the second, static, phase in which the Allies gradually attained equality of numbers; the third phase in which their numerical superiority becomes pronounced is just opening. In describing the advance on Paris Mr. Belloc is most lucid. The French defence was that of the operative square, the French Fourth and Fifth Armies and the British contingent having the duty of leading the attackers to the point where they could be met by superior forces. The plan nearly failed through the speedy crumbling of Namur and the tardiness with which the order to withdraw reached Sir John French. Possibly an undue amount of space is given to the British manœuvres, yet when it is recalled that the material for such a record is more complete than that for the French movements, and that the British held the crucial position during the retreat, Mr. Belloc can hardly be blamed for his choice of emphasis. The book is a model of clear exposition, a true analytical history and not a simple military chronicle. It is and promises to be the most satisfactory work of its scope. It deserves and doubtless will have a wide reading.

Hammond V. Hayes's "Public Utilities, Their Present Value and Return" (D. Van Nostrand Co.; $2 net), deals with a situation out of which order may some day be resolved, but which at present is little short of chaotic. The author is an engineer of peculiarly unbiassed mind, intent upon reaching conclusions which shall be sound both in law and in economics. His subject, though of the highest importance, is not one that lends itself to popular treatment, and it cannot be said that Mr. Hayes has made much effort to bring it down to the level of ordinary intelligence. He is wise in foregoing the attempt. The lay mind is unusually active at this time in debating the question of public utility values, and, it is to be feared, with fully as much harm as good to public interests. The State has taken in hand the valuation of public utilities without due regard to two facts: first, that in science (public utilities embody the most complicated principles of science) things are not always what they seem to the untrained mind, and, secondly, that it is not, as a rule, wise to call the shoemaker away from his last. In other words, the State has undertaken one of the most technical of all tasks, and has delegated its performance to agents versed in popular rather than scientific discourse. In order to be scientific it is not necessary to employ a jargon, but it is necessary that every word shall connote a fact, and that none shall connote an imagination. This implies a restraint which puts the product outside the range of ordinary political discussion. We may not subscribe to all of Mr. Hayes's conclusions, but we may be sure that he has reached them by the approved means of the science with which his subject deals. He has, in short, produced a work which all rational students of public utilities will welcome.

Three new volumes on government present the clash of opinion that characterizes current discussion of the subject in this country. In "The Democracy of the Constitution" (Scribner; $1.50 net), which is a collection of addresses and essays, Senator Lodge vigorously opposes the innovations of the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. Any one who takes this position has to meet the charge of want of faith in the capacity of the people to govern themselves. Senator Lodge does not flinch from this issue. He points out that "the people" is a very loose term. It is the voters who do the governing, "and the voters are not the people, but a small portion of the people—not more than a fifth or a sixth part." Even this fraction is materially reduced in most of the elections, at which measures rather than men are voted upon, and this abstention from the polls, in Senator Lodge's view, is one of the elements to be considered in placing new burdens upon the electorate. It may easily mean an increasing amount of government by minorities. But this is not all. Senator Lodge is a sturdy defender of representative government as aganst "direct" government, because he believes that, while the popular will must in the end prevail, it is necessary to guard the rights of all the people against ill-

considered action on the part of those who cast the votes. In a word, he stands for a system that will not only permit, but compel, so far as a system can compel, the sober second-thought that advocates of direct government seem to think our democracy may dispense with. His presentation of this idea is somewhat injured by the fact of being repeated in successive addresses or essays, which gives it an effect of monotony. In this respect the book would have been improved by cutting and summarizing. Deserving of separate mention are his contributions on John C. Calhoun and Thomas B. Reed, and the miscellaneous papers with which the volume concludes: "An American Myth," an interesting analysis of a reputed incident at a trial in which Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr were of counsel for the defence; "As to Anthologies"; "The Origin of Certain Americanisms," and "Diversions of a Convalescent." The final paper is of a personal nature that distinguishes it from all the rest, and reveals the writer in the rôle, not of publicist or littérateur, but of lover of the classics and of the world of the imagination.

On the opposite tack is "The Progressive Movement," by Benjamin Parke De Witt (Macmillan; $1.50 net). The bulk of Mr. De Witt's book is informative, but he does not conceal his sympathies and antipathies. Beginning with a sketch of our government history, he traces the progressive movement in the Democratic, Republican, Progressive, Socialist, and Prohibition parties, and then, in turn, in the nation, the States, and the cities. By "progressive" he means three things: the abolition of corruption, control by the many rather than by the few, and extension of the functions of government. His discussion of certain proposals under these heads suggests that there is need of a discrimination between terms. If popular election of President and recall of judicial decisions and of judges as well—Mr. De Witt is able to swallow both—are "progressive," what would he call "radical"? The most useful chapter in the book is the one on The Efficiency Movement, concerning which the author writes with a first-hand knowledge. As a prophet he is less capable, risking the assertion that "the Progressive party has before it a bright future." Prof. Thomas H. Reed's "Government for the People" (Huebsch; $1.50 net), is of uneven merit. It is thoughtful, but does not penetrate far beneath the surface. The chapter on Our Judicial Dilemma is one-sided and alarmist, and Professor Reed has not considered all the consequences of his proposal for Cabinet government at Washington. He is best in discussing the administration of education. The lists of references at the ends of the chapters constitute a working bibliography of recent books and articles on our problems of government.

The title of Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor's book, "Deliverance: The Freeing of the Spirit in the Ancient World" (Macmillan; $1.25 net), is alluring. The prospective reader pictures to himself a high spiritual satisfaction in retracing the paths of the great souls of the past, serene or troubled as the case may be, towards what President Eliot has called the durable satisfactions of life. Anticipation is heightened by the legend on the wrapper: "This book has nothing to do with the war; yet it is a good book to read now, as it has much to do with the profounder peace of mind which the wise man or woman will in some way keep, through some mode of reasoning or devotion, whether in calm or troubled times." And the high plane of promise is preserved in the Prologue. "One realizes a universal kinship in human need and aspiration when following such thoughts seemingly afar in the minds of these Founders who have passed on," writes Mr. Taylor. "They who may have died ages ago are nearer to us than the alien masses among whom we move. They are the spiritual fathers of us all, and we make ourselves consciously their sons by coming to know them in their achieved or striven for adjustment of themselves with the eternal, and in their attunement of their desires to human limitation. . . . Although that which those ancients reached, or even that which they tried for, may not be for us, still the contemplation of their efforts is as the effect of noble sculpture and poetry, bringing something like the final calm, the emotional purge, of tragedy." Thus the expectant reader is keyed up to a high point. To fulfil the hopes raised would require a universal theologian doubled with a seer of reconstructing and inspired imagination, and such requirements are beyond Mr. Taylor in the great field he has attempted to cover, from Chaldæa and Egypt, China, India, Zarathushtra, Israel, the Greeks, Jesus, Paul, to Augustine. Often he shows first-hand knowledge, but even then he gives a somewhat pedestrian summing up of information to be tabulated, rather than a picture of that Deliverance which has proved a boon in time of doubt and trouble to the thinkers of the past. And in the places where the knowledge has been borrowed, one wonders if Mr. Taylor really thinks the adjustments he describes have actually proved a deliverance to any one. There are pleasant places in the book, as in the summary of Plato's thought, but the reader is seldom carried to those heights on which he expected to tread when he read the prologue and the title. Perhaps, however, in these troublous times one yearns too much for a sight of real deliverance; perhaps but few have ever found it.

The annual "Reports" of the John Carter Brown Library at Providence are always welcome, for they are brief and not overloaded with statistics. That covering the year 1914-1915 is no exception to the rule. It is clear that the institution is becoming more and more useful to students of American history and bibliography throughout the country and beyond our borders. If an example of the library's usefulness and preëminence in certain fields were needed, it is forthcoming in the fact that Mr. Charles Evans has found its collections of such value to him, in the compilation of his "American Bibliography," that he has dedicated the eighth volume (1790-1792), in glowing terms, to the institution. Mr. Evans found there 571 of the 2,777 titles contained in the volume. The choicest, if not the most important, acquisition of the year is the first product, so far as is known, of the South American press, the "Doctrina Christiana," printed at Lima in 1584. The book is in the Quichua and Aymara languages, as well as in Spanish. Another title, of which only one other copy is recorded, is the "Life" of St. Antonio of Padua, printed in the native Mexican tongue in 1605. In reading this "Report" one is impressed by the fact that the introduction of the photostat has been productive of great good. It is now possible for libraries to procure photographic prints of rare newspapers, broadsides, manuscripts, and books, even, at small cost. What this means in enabling libraries to complete their collections, and in the saving of the originals from wear and tear, can scarcely be overestimated. The Library of Congress, the John Carter Brown Library, and the Massachusetts Historical Society are foremost in this work. The "Report" closes with a merited tribute to the services of the retiring librarian, Mr. Winship.

Some years ago the Commercial Museum of Philadelphia undertook to make a "graphic history of commerce from the earliest dawn of trade and barter down to the present time." The preparation of this exhibit was entrusted to Mr. Wilfred H. Schoff, the secretary of the Museum. Mr. Schoff's studies soon led him to realize the importance of those ancient writers who are commonly grouped together as the Geographi Graeci Minores, and the need of making the fragments of their works more accessible to English readers. A beginning was made in 1912 by two publications: "The Periplus of the Erythræan Sea," a book of 328 pages, consisting of an introduction, a translation of the Greek text, and full notes and indexes, and "The Periplus of Hanno," a monograph of 34 pages, with the Greek text, translation, and notes. "The Parthian Stations of Isidore of Charax" (25 cents) forms the third number in the series. In make-up it resembles the "Periplus of Hanno." We have first the Greek text, with a translation on the opposite page; then various fragments of the writings of Isidore that have been preserved by Athenæus, Pliny, and Lucian (these also with translations); then a commentary, made up principally of notes on the places mentioned, with numerous references to ancient and modern writers and occasional quotations; "Parallel Passages from the Chinese Annals," quoted from Hirth's "China and the Roman Orient," and "A Modern Account" of trade routes in Persia, excerpted from Curzon's "Persia." Two maps serve to make the route described by Isidore clearer, and the pages are enlivened by reproductions of two Parthian coins and by pictures of a modern camel train and a Persian caravanseral.

A monograph of this sort is calculated to appeal to several classes of readers, each of whom will probably find shortcomings from his own particular point of view. The classical scholar will be disturbed by occasional misprints in the Greek, a slip or two in translation, omission in the list of printed editions of that of E. Miller, Paris, 1839, and the indefiniteness of some references, such as "Cf. also Tacitus." The business man (assuming such a reader) will probably find too much "gelehrtes Beiwerk" and wonder what connection there can possibly be between a note on the cult of Anaitis and the expansion of American trade. The traveller may think that fuller references to modern conditions and modern writers would be preferable to so many comments on ancient conditions and ancient history. All this, however, only shows the difficulty of the task of compilation which Mr. Schoff has undertaken; and the fact that readers of all these classes are sure to find something of interest and are supplied with the means of reading fur-

ther along particular lines if they desire to do so shows how well the task has been performed. To make a work like that of Isidore accessible to readers who command "small Latin and less Greek" is certainly worth while, and it is to be hoped that the authorities of the Commercial Museum will continue to encourage this part of the activities of their secretary and perhaps to give him more time to pursue such studies. In that case the impression of haste which is conveyed by several rather obvious slips in proofreading in the "Parthian Stations" could doubtless be avoided.

"The Interpretation of History" (Dutton; $1.75) which Lionel Cecil Jane adopts is based on the idea that all history is "a record of the eternal conflict between the desire to rule and the desire to be ruled." The desire to rule is Individualism and finds expression in such movements as Protestantism, laissez-faire, and democracy. The desire to be ruled, which for lack of a better term the author calls Universalism, is seen in Catholicism, Socialism, paternalism, and all forms of absolutism. This eternal conflict, inherent in human nature, is "internal" when it determines the relations of the individual to the state; it is "external" when it manifests itself as a conflict between the national state and the universal empire or the international projects which look to the general interests of the whole world. In the ceaseless conflict complete supremacy is never attained either by Individualism or by Universalism; the proximate victory of one is invariably followed by a reaction in favor of the other. History is the record of these oscillations. All the historian has to do in order to interpret the past or predict the future is to determine whether Individualism or Universalism is for the moment in the ascendency. Such a bald statement, however, of Mr. Jane's theory scarcely does justice to the ingenuity with which he has worked it out and set forth the facts of history which support it. To his credit be it said, he has a sound knowledge of history and does not pervert it to suit his theory; on the contrary, he modifies his theory with so many historical exceptions and interpretations that it loses something of the beauty of its simplicity. This, of course, is inevitable. The factors in human history, like the factors in the stock market, are too complex to be fitted into any simple formula. The historian who tries to predict the future from the oscillations in the conflicts between Individualism and Universalism, like the investor who studies the charts of the swings of the market, will always find it a bit troublesome to determine just the moment at which the pendulum is about to swing in the opposite direction. Nevertheless, many of the conclusions which the author says he worked out before the present war are being sharpened and emphasized as truths by the events of the past year.

"Europe is not to be saved by any single man," replied Pitt in 1805, a few weeks before his death, when the Lord Mayor proposed his health as the Saviour of Europe: "England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example." England did. In fact, whenever in modern times military despotism has threatened the security of Europe, whether in the days of Philip II or Louis XIV or Napoleon, the seapower of England has proved its most formidable obstacle. England in saving herself has helped to save Europe. It is a great tradition; and she is called on to maintain it to-day more urgently than ever before. There is no nobler figure in the tradition than William Pitt. It is in the hope of renewing his appeal to the hearts and minds of his countrymen, and recalling his example to their memories, that R. Coupland has reprinted, with appropriate introductions and notes, "The War Speeches of William Pitt the Younger" (The Clarendon Press; 2s. 6d.).

"The Legal Principles of Public Health," by H. B. Hemenway (Chicago: T. H. Flood & Co.; $7.50 net), is a pioneer in a domain where law and science intermingle. Diseases which our ancestors looked upon as special visitations of an offended deity have been found by medical science to originate in human carelessness or wickedness. Their abatement is to be sought not in sacrificial offerings, but in education and self-restraint. Modern health laws do not subject the members of a community to sackcloth and ashes, but to personal cleanliness; to the sanitation of dwellings and places of business, and to a reasonable compliance with the demands of preventive medicine. Water supplies are to be carefully guarded. Milk and other food products must be submitted to inspection. The victims of certain diseases are segregated to prevent the spread of epidemics. In many other respects, personal liberty is invaded and the enjoyment of private property is limited by the State in the exercise of its police power. How far such invasions and restrictions may be carried consistently with established constitutional principles is a source of constant discussion in this country. As a rule, health officers are disposed to press the police power to their extreme limit, and to call for more and still more drastic legislation in that behalf. Dr. Hemenway, however, is not dominated by this spirit. His experience as a public official has convinced him that there is grave danger at present of overlegislation. He is not the champion of radical forms of eugenic statutes. He does not believe that our communities are to be converted into Utopias by legislative fiat, nor by administrative skill. In his opinion, there is greater need of moderation and sound common-sense, on the part of health officers, than of a disposition to push their authority to its full statutory limit, which often borders on the despotic. In fact, the volume before us merits the commendation accorded it in Dean Wigmore's Introduction, of being "original, carefully studied, practical, well balanced, and progressive." It should be helpful not only to health officers, but to lawyers and judges who are called upon to deal with the legal side of modern health problems.

The late Lord Strathcona was in every way so notable and picturesque a figure in the public life of Canada that his death inevitably has been made the excuse for a crop of biographies. Two of these are of the familiar laudatory type, and not worthy of any further mention. Mr. George N. Morang, the Toronto publisher, announces a Life in preparation by Prof. John Macnaughton, of McGill University. Mr. Beckles Willson is also working on what promises to be the most complete, as it will be the authorized, biography of Strathcona. Both of these should be worth attention, but judgment must of course be reserved until the books are actually published. The only Life at present available that makes any claims upon the intelligent reader is that by Mr. W. T. R. Preston, "Strathcona and the Making of Canada" (MacBride, Nast; $2.50). We do not wish to do Mr. Preston any injustice, but the impression left upon one's mind is that of a rather deliberate effort to picture Strathcona as the evil genius of Canada. There can be no question as to the cleverness, sometimes almost brilliancy, of Mr. Preston's style; or of the very readable account he has given us of the wonderfully varied and adventurous career of a man who rose entirely by his own efforts from the seemingly impossible position of an obscure fur-trader on the coast of Labrador to one of the highest offices in the gift of his country. It is rather the more to be pitied that the book is marred by a point of view which appears to be hopelessly warped. In an Appendix Mr. Preston prints several documents, extracts from the Canadian Hansard, etc., in support of statements made in his narrative; but it would have been better for his own reputation as an impartial biographer if he had either offered further documentary evidence, or refrained from making statements, hints, and innuendoes which could not be supported by satisfactory proof.

In his "New Testament in the Twentieth Century" (Macmillan; $3 net) Mr. Maurice Jones collects and collates briefly what much of the best scholarship of the present century has to say "with reference to those matters which have not yet emerged out of the region of controversy." Recognizing the fact that modern students of early Christianity insist on applying to the New Testament the principles employed in investigating the documents of other religions, our author reviews at the outset recent questions as to whether Jesus or Paul is the founder of Christianity, as to whether Jesus lived an historical life, as to the place of eschatology in His teaching, and as to the influence on Paul of the religions of mystery. Then he deals with current problems in reference to the Synoptic Gospels, some of the Epistles of Paul, and the Johannine writings. Widely read in the relevant English literature, acquainted with the results of French and German scholarship, and conscientious in his exposition of the opinions of others, our author furnishes an intelligent introduction to the difficulties which confront New Testament scholars. It may be added, as throwing light on the activities of some English army chaplains in times of peace, that Mr. Jones is a "chaplain to the forces."

Those of us who have had the privilege of travelling through the byways of England are wont to think only of the picturesque aspect of the villages and hamlets and isolated cottages occupied by the very poor. If, however, we happen to read Dr. William G. Savage's "Rural Housing" (T. Fisher Unwin), we are made to realize that these habitations are in a very large number of cases badly constructed, ill-ventilated, and in general unsanitary; a deplorable state of affairs which is depicted by the author as a natural result of the development of the agrarian system of England in the past. Dr. Savage has made a careful study of the resulting "acute and urgent" problems from all points of view, and urges modes of reform which appear to be thoroughly practical. The book is profusely illustrated with photographic plates, which, while somewhat grewsome, are thoroughly convincing.

Science

PHYSICAL ADJUSTMENTS TO EMOTIONS.

Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear, and Rage. By Walter B. Cannon. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

The complex mechanism of the body is sometimes separated roughly into the organs of animal life, including the voluntary muscles, and those of the vegetative life, including the visceral organs concerned in the processes of digestion and nutrition. Over our voluntary muscles we can exercise conscious control, and scientific investigations have revealed the location in the brain of the nerve centres through which this control is exerted, as well as the efferent paths through which the nerve impulses aroused by volitional effort pass to the muscles that are set into action. But the organs of the so-called vegetative system lie wholly outside the field of action of the will. They are regulated through a group of nerve fibres designated in modern physiology as the autonomic system which supplies the plain muscles and glands of the viscera. The origin and distribution of the autonomic fibres have been worked out with considerable completeness, so far as their peripheral distribution is concerned, but little is known of their course and connections within the central nervous system. It has been assumed in a general way that they are brought into functional activity by reflexes of an unconscious nature. Cannon's new book brings out in an impressive way the striking fact that this great system is constantly acted upon by strong emotions or sensations, like fear, rage, grief, and pain.

Through these conscious states, which presumably involve an activity of the cerebral hemispheres, impulses are set going that find their peripheral outlet in the visceral organs. "Emotions gain expression through discharges along the neurones of the autonomic nervous system." While it is a part of common knowledge that our emotions may affect digestion and other forms of visceral activity, this vague impression now receives a more precise and scientific form from the researches described in this book. Experimental evidence is furnished to show that strong emotions affect the adrenal glands, causing them to increase their normal secretion of adrenin, with the result that there is a contraction of the blood-vessels in the abdominal viscera and, therefore, a shifting of more blood to the heart, brain, lungs, and voluntary muscles. Moreover, through the action of this adrenin, the heart is made to beat more vigorously, the effects of muscular fatigue, if present, are removed, and the liver pours out more sugar into the blood. By a similar action the whole process of digestion and secretion in the stomach and intestines is brought to a standstill. The author sees in all of these reactions a useful adaptation to times of stress. These changes are of a preparatory or anticipatory character, adapted to put the body on a "war-footing," so that the animal is ready for fight or for flight—activities which we may suppose have always been called for under conditions which would excite fear or rage.

This idea is elaborated at some length, much indirect evidence being adduced in its support. The scientific reader may object at places to a tendency to make rather free use of analogies and figures of speech, and also to the fact that in his enthusiasm for the general position taken in regard to the utilitarian or adaptive character of these emotional expressions the author at times fails to take into account certain obvious objections to his theory. We can understand easily that, in a period of stress requiring maximal muscular activity, it may be valuable to an animal to have an increased supply of sugar in its blood for the use of the muscles, or a greater flow of blood to the brain and heart, or a secretion that antagonizes fatigue in the muscles or accelerates the clotting of blood, but what value does the body derive under such circumstances from a suspenion of the movements and secretions of the alimentary canal? The author falls back on his "war-footing" analogy, and suggests that the shutting down of activities in the abdominal organs frees "the energy-supply for other parts," but he fails to indicate how the potential energy that may be stored in the muscles or glands of the intestines is made available for other organs. Some of the blood of the intestines is diverted to other organs, where it may be of more use for the time being, but if the stomach and intestines happen to be in full action at the moment, a complete cessation of their functional activity is, it would seem, a misfortune rather than a direct benefit: it certainly gives the bacterial flora a chance to get the upper hand. The fact that the digestive processes do stop under such circumstances may be accepted on the evidence furnished, but one may be skeptical about the advantage accruing thereby to the fighting or fleeing animal. The author admits also that great joy may have an effect similar to great fear, but in this condition the preparatory value of all the reinforcing reactions described is not apparent. The same point may be urged also in regard to pain. In the actual stress of fighting or fleeing pain is hardly a factor; it reaches its culminating point after the fight or flight is over, and if at this period it still operates to put the body on a "war-footing," the utility of the process is difficult to see. It may be added also that little attention is paid to the inhibiting influence of the strong emotions, particularly of fear upon cerebral activities. While this effect has not been made the subject of exact studies, it is a phenomenon sufficiently well known, and its value to the individual may be doubted. For at the very time that the victim should have his wits about him, he may, if the fear is strong enough, be wholly unable to command the full use of his mental machinery.

The author concludes his book with a discussion of the fighting emotions and instincts among men on the basis of the physiological effects which, as he has demonstrated, accompany such states. The position that seems to be assumed is that, inasmuch as there is a physiological mechanism of a definite kind that is set into action by strong emotions, this mechanism should receive appropriate exercise in the normal course of life. War implies too many barbarities, hardships, and unnecessary expenditures to make it desirable for such a purpose, and, therefore, as an alternative, the author suggests the encouragement of athletic competitions of a national or an international character. Whether war is more of a benefit than a curse to mankind need not be considered here. It is a wide question in which the ultimate as well as the proximate results would have to be considered. But so far as the physiological argument is concerned, and with that phase this book chiefly deals, it would seem to the reviewer that the author would have done better to take the view that there is no real necessity for desiring the "exercise of our belligerent emotions." The body could get along very well without this exercise, and probably without any harm to the mechanisms involved. An argument for war or for international athletic competitions founded on such a premise may be novel and interesting, but it certainly fails to carry conviction. Aside from this attempt to give these physiological facts a wide practical application in the conduct of life, physiologists and psychologists will be deeply interested in this excellent summary of the investigations made by Cannon and his pupils. They seem to open a way for the fruitful objective study of the emotional states in their effects upon and their relations to the activities of the various organs of the body. The results already obtained and set down in this book are most interesting and surprising.

An attractive book on "Electricity for the Farm" has been written by Frederick Irving Anderson (Macmillan; $1.25). The purpose of the book is to awaken the interest of farmers to the advantages of installing small electrical plants. The many possible uses of electricity on the farm are pointed out, and the details of cost and construction of such plants are discussed. This part of the book is well done, and a clever farmer should be able to follow the instructions and to set up his own plant. The author also pays some attention to the rudiments of the theory of electricity. This discussion is given in a very simple form, and is, on the whole, fairly correct; but there are a number of inexcusable errors. For example: the magnetic lines of force in the diagram on page 95 are quite wrong, and so is the calculation of air leakage on page 104. Fortunately, the purpose of the book is not to explain electricity, but to show how many things now done by hand can be left to electricity; and, above all, the advantage of a safe and brilliant lighting system instead of the ordinary one by kerosene.

Drama

"UNDER FIRE."

Dramatically Roi Cooper Megrue's melodrama, produced last week by Selwyn & Co. at the Hudson Theatre, is probably the best of the "war plays" that have yet been seen. It is, on the whole, good melodrama, well staged, and generally well acted. The author knows the technique of the stage; not a point that can be made is missed, and William Courtenay, as the hero, Felix Krembs, as the villain, and Frank Craven, supplying both the "comic relief" and the sententiousness considered necessary to point the moral, interpret the author's intentions in a manner that could hardly be improved.

Having said so much for the play on its purely dramatic side, we must state roundly that it is a piece which it was wicked to produce at this time. Very few of us have been able, even if we thought it right, to observe the President's early injunction that we should guard the neutrality of our feelings and our private expressions of opinion. That is a thing that no man can be expected to do. But between the expression of opinion by individuals or newspapers and incitement—doubtless involuntary—to a mixed audience in a theatre to make public demonstration of its sympathies there is a vast difference. At this critical time it is manifestly against the public interest that an audience shall be divided into two hostile camps, the one applauding, the other hooting the appearance on the stage of German soldiery engaged in the rape of Belgium. It must be said for the ingenuity of the author, that, although there is no doubt as to what his true feelings are—he is on the side of the Allies—he has displayed not a little cleverness in achieving some appearance of neutrality and in placating the enemy by exhibiting the good as well as the bad qualities of his troops. But we have got past the semblance of neutrality now in our private feelings: we are all of us arrayed on the one side or the other. And the important thing is that this subject, which is lightly made the theme of a realistic melodrama, plentifully besprinkled, in the modern fashion, with comic relief, is one which must touch very closely at least two-thirds of every audience that will see it; one on which most of them feel not only strongly but poignantly. French and English, German, Austrian, Italian, and Slav, all go to make up the composite American audience, and for many, perhaps for the majority, of these, as well as for many native-born Americans themselves, this war is not some impersonal tragedy that is being played three thousand miles away, but is an actual, living horror in which sons or brothers or friends are bearing their part. Is it decent to wring their hearts to make a Broadway holiday?

The management will doubtless assure us of the high purpose with which the play is produced—to bring home to Americans the horrors of war to the end that they may avoid entrance to a quarrel. Well, we do not think that the American public needs any object-lesson of the sort; but, supposing that it does, what is the moral that is dragged in? The American audience is invited to assume the smug, complaisant attitude induced by the consciousness that "I am holier than thou," and to congratulate itself upon the superior wisdom which secures for it the benefits of peace when a number of people in Europe are killing one another from pure lack of intelligence. There are other forms of jingoism besides that which manifests itself in a screeching for war. S. W.

"SEARCH ME."

This new farce by Augustin MacHugh has some of the quality of "Grumpy" and of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and it succeeds so well in mystifying the audience that, with a little ironing out of the wrinkles, its popularity seems assured. If for no other reason, the piece is well worth seeing for the finished performance of Mr. Fred Graham, who, as Anthony Moreland, a fussy old English lawyer, provides a great deal of legitimate merriment. The piece is written about the mysterious disappearance of a ruby and the author has succeeded in directing the audience's suspicions successively from one to another of the characters, the interest being well sustained throughout. Of course, the plot is extremely thin at some points, but the action is quickened at the right moment, and the holes are forgotten in the movement of the piece. Sharing honors with Mr. Graham are Howard Estabrook, Montagu Love, and A. P. Kaye. The two feminine rôles are played satisfactorily by Miss Ethel Gray Terry and Miss Ruth Allen. L.

"THE BOOMERANG."

It is really a compliment when we say that Mr. Belasco and the authors of "The Boomerang," Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, have achieved the feat of making bricks without straw. To attempt to trace back the processes of an author's mind to the original idea which inspired a completed work is always a hazardous experiment, but we will venture a pretty shrewd guess that what supplied the foundation of this very amusing trifle was the idea of inviting the attention of an audience to the spectacle of a man with a clinical thermometer in his mouth. That is as good an excuse as most for writing a play and a great deal better than many. The co-authors of "The Boomerang" realized that what was required beyond this idea and the stage production of Mr. Belasco was very little; so they simply took an old story about jealousy and the efforts of one man to cure another of the malady, and how he was attacked by it himself, and wrote it all around the central incident of the clinical thermometer. In what proportions the success of the piece should be attributed to the authors, to the stage management, and to the players, we need not speculate, but to the acting of Arthur Byron, Wallace Eddinger, and Miss Martha Hedman must be attributed a considerable share of credit for the very pleasing result.

Budd Woodbridge, a love-lorn swain, is brought by a fond mother to the office of Dr. Gerald Sumner, a young physician with ideas but no patients. Budd's case has defied the analysis of the family physician, but the young doctor forthwith diagnoses it as love and jealousy and prescribes a course of treatment in which not the least prominent feature is the ministrations of an untrained nurse whom the doctor has just attached to his office. The main idea of the treatment is to distract Budd's mind and to make the object of his affections jealous in her turn. Its result, needless to say, as well as being completely successful in bringing back the errant lady to Budd's arms, is to infect the doctor himself with the disease, he having in the meantime discovered that he has fallen victim to the charms of his fascinating office attendant. It is needless to specify further. The merit of the piece lies in the technical ingenuity with which this slight fabric is worked up into a really amusing comedy that it is refreshing to witness. Wallace Eddinger, as Budd Woodbridge, scores a notable individual success, to which his command of facial expression contributes in no small degree; Miss Hedman, with her delightful trace of foreign accent appropriate to the part, is a comely and altogether charming nurse, Virginia Xelva, and Arthur Byron plays easily the comedy of the doctor's part. As illustrating the finish of the stage management, it is sufficient to allude to a scene in the first act in which three giggling girls give an exhibition of simultaneous conversation. An every-day incident of ordinary life, this is an effect rarely achieved with naturalness by ladies on the stage.

S. W.

"THE GIRL WHO SMILES."

In presenting this piece the Times Producing Company has brought to the Lyric Theatre a musical comedy in which author and composer have dispensed with the usual features that are supposed to be essential to success. However commendable their course may be, the result will be watched with perhaps a little apprehension. For one thing, there are no "catchy" tunes in "The Girl Who Smiles," and, strictly speaking, only one ensemble throughout the three acts. It is, in fact, a farce set to music. While it is slow in getting started and actually comes to a full stop at the end of the second act, when the hero has won the heroine, it is wrenched into tolerably good farce at the beginning of the third act. Unfortunately, however, the situation is not sustained and interest flags before the final curtain. The piece, which is by Paul Hervé and Jean Briquet, and has been adapted by Adolph Philipp and Edward A. Paulton, would suffer nothing by elimination of one particular scene.

There is unmistakable good work in the three little plays by Mrs. Havelock Ellis, published under the title "Love in Danger" (Houghton Mifflin; 75 cents). Each furnishes an episode of life in a Cornish village, and all are written with a strong sense of character, dialect, and local atmosphere, and with notable simplicity and vigor of expression. The best of them is "The Mothers," which is not only a variation upon the stale theme of the domestic triangle, but illustrates the redemptive power of maternity in original and striking fashion. A widow, with children, is wooed by a married farmer—hitherto happy in the possession of wife and family, who has taken a sudden fancy to her. She is not altogether irresponsive, but, thinking of her own children, she is led to consider the case of those of the other woman. So she comes to pity the wronged wife, to whom she goes with assurances that she will give the errant husband no encouragement. The two women, who have been rivals, embrace, and the husband, disenchanted by his rebuff, returns to his allegiance. "The Pixy" is full of local color, and contains some vigorous character-drawing, but is less satisfactory, because of its ultra-sentimentality and indefiniteness. The conduct of the two men can be estimated only through the true character of the woman, which is left in doubt. The story of "The Subjection of Keziah" is cleverly written, but the idea of the plot is trite.

Art

AN ARTISTIC REVIVAL.

Decoration in England, from 1660-1760, and *Furniture in England, from 1660-1760*. By Francis Lenygon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $32 net.

That connoisseurship is moving intensively upon the arts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is proved anew by these sumptuous companion volumes. The movement is, of course, international. It is part of a reaction from inordinate worship of what Mr. Richard Norton has called "the halting, stuttering primitives." The cult of the crude and incomplete, characteristic of twenty years ago and still persistent in provincial circles, appears to be slowly yielding to a new catholicity. We are almost back, indeed, at the attitudes and beatitudes of our great-grandfathers, cherished prior to Pugin and the Gothic revival. Notable on the Continent has been a renewed interest in Bernini and his emotional sculptures. In England, where two generations ago followers of Rickman ripped much of the finest of seventeenth-century woodwork from renaissance churches, writers of books and articles in magazines are to-day nominating Grinling Gibbons as one of the world's greatest artists. American enthusiasm for Georgian architectural modes and their accessories is nothing accidental or sporadic. It belongs to a time which in art, as in other domains of thought and work, has repudiated the logical and narrowly ethical for a generalized eclecticism, a genial disposition to "appreciate."

Taking sides neither for nor against any view of British art of the period in question, let us accuse Mr. Lenygon's text of being somewhat uncritical in the sense that it slights considerations which must occur to every reader who is at all familiar with the literature of the fine arts in the nineteenth century. The era from 1660 onward, as a matter of obvious fact, was one in which respect for the nature of materials and the requirements of a northern climate were largely lost. The taste of the educated and travelled classes turned towards the Venetian baroque, extravagant, vulgar, often tawdry and meretricious. The architect, increasingly likely to be a mere designer without knowledge of practical building, became a "grave copier of copies." Regarded as crafts, most of the arts underwent deterioration. Woodcarving, even in the decades of its most brilliant decorative accomplishment, lost caste as an exemplar of honest, workmanlike processes, since addiction to the glue-pot enabled the artisan, shunning the toil of undercutting, to piece together an apparently solid creation from minute blocks of soft wood. A late tapestry was primarily a picture, and only secondarily, if at all, a handsome and permanent wall covering. The brilliancy of genuine enamelling, inherited from the Byzantines, was succeeded by the insipidity of tinted grisaille. A separation of art from handicraft, to the probable advantage of neither, was, in fact, in progress. Even so clever an artist as Jean Tijou, planner of ironwork that was perhaps the noblest individual artistic achievement of the first half of the eighteenth century in England, was hindered through not knowing his trade; some of his most spectacular designs could not be executed at all, and others were carried out illogically, by *tour de force* of exceptionally skilful workmen.

To detraction of the spirit of this artificial age of the late Stuarts and early Hanoverians there is an answer—one that contends for the coequal value on the one side of form and style of pattern and passion, in whatever art and whatever era, and, on the other side, of content, construction, and adaptability. It is significant, nevertheless, of a change of temper in the home land of Fergusson, Ruskin, and Morris that such a writer as Mr. Lenygon is not especially interested in either adverse or favorable criticism of the tendencies about which he writes. It is also significant of spreading influence of the economic interpretation of history that he throughout emphasizes the expansion of wealth as cause and explanation of changes and vagaries. Suggestively, with no incisive manner or formidable array of data, he shows how a steady accumulation of fortunes after the Restoration encouraged the largest possessors to want surroundings more luxurious and cosmopolitan than simple islanders had heretofore known. These appurtenances of a complex existence, once installed, were a constant incentive to an increasing and imitative bourgeoisie to become owners of similar trappings. Parvenus, like the celebrated Bubb Dodington and Sir Richard Child, began to make big business for artisans as well as merriment for satirists. Their ethical standards, more or less accurately reflected in their acquisitions, were perhaps as high as those of many of the hereditary nobility of a day when "a statesman who was at the head of affairs might easily, without giving scandal, accumulate in no long time an estate amply sufficient to support a dukedom."

The economic situation was thus favorable for a national efflorescence of art—one whose vigor and splendor, even though not always accompanied by the finest taste and sincerity, amply justify both the effort to correlate several arts in the book first named above and the more intensive study of furniture in the companion work. The social aspects conceivably might have been portrayed even more definitively than the author has seen fit to do. It is easily deduced that the movements of fashion which he describes were prominent among the causes of modern capitalism, for middle-class people had begun to clamor to obtain cheaply for house and person things that would look as pretentious as the nobleman's accessories and which could be produced in sufficient quantities only through the invention of labor-saving machines.

Mr. Lenygon's discussion of "decoration" is limited to the arts that make up what is technically known as "interior decoration." Both letter-press and photographic half-tones reveal strikingly the extent to which souvenirs of the Grand Tour lent an Italianate character to English eighteenth-century interiors of architectural pretension. Young men of good family went *de rigeur* to Italy to view ancient monuments and become lifelong dilettanti. This was the overshadowing influence of the time, though a crepuscular Gothic revival with which Horace Walpole's name is associated, and a "false morning" premonition of our present phase of interest in Far Eastern art were notable. From Italy were imported the materials of decoration, including bronzes, antique marbles, and pictures. Stucco replaced wood in covering the larger surfaces of walls and ceilings; to execute this work, foreign to the manner of English craftsmanship, arrived such "artists" as Signori Artari and Bagutti, commended by the architect Gibbs as "the best fretworkers that ever came into England." Long before 1760 the technique of the decorators' trade as we know it to-day, organized and directed by overlords from the academies of art, was well established; and, in viewing the many striking illustrations which the author has secured from palaces and manor houses, we get hardly any of the sense of antiquity and remoteness that is impressed by details of baronial castles and mediæval guildhalls. But for the captions, indeed, the observer might hardly know whether he was looking into abodes of luxury of England of the eighteenth century or New York of the present day.

The monograph on furniture follows the lines of the work on decoration. The pictures come from most aristocratic sources. The development of furniture in humbler dwellings is ignored—a limitation which may be displeasing to amateur collectors who like a book to show pieces such as an ordinary person may some time chance upon. The specimens of furniture, nevertheless, which are magnificently reproduced, should be very useful to architects and designers, for they display their respective styles at their best: chairs, stools, and daybeds of prevailingly more elaborate types than those presented by our American writers on furniture; beds, with cornices and curtains, of the grandiose and completely upholstered manner affected by Marot and his followers; tables, often with ornate Scagliola tops imported from Italy; bookcases such as those designed by Sir William Kent with somewhat pedantic insistence on the classical orders; bureaus, commodes, and wardrobes; pedestals and brackets, cabinet stands, mirror frames, and long clock cases. A concluding chapter is given to lacquer, brought in in quantities by the East India Company, and so fashionable a medium for amateurs that the stylish young widow, Mrs. Pendarves, relates in a letter how "everybody is wild about Japan work." Like several other recent writers, Mr. Lenygon censures a disposition to attribute over great importance to Chippendale and his "Gentleman and Cabinet Maker's Directory."

"The Christ of the Men of Art," by J. R. Aitkin (Edinburgh: Clark), means to be both a popular art book and a scholarly and fairly exhaustive treatment of the Christ-figure in the history of painting. The author has traced his subject through the early centuries, through the Byzantine, Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, German, and French schools, and up to the present day, with a final chapter on The Christ of British Art. The book is handsomely bound and printed, and the forty-nine illustrations add greatly to its value. Art critics and specialists in the history of painting will find in the book nothing new, and indeed it is hardly intended for them. But "the writer hopes," as he says in his preface, "that the book may be of interest to all who love art, and prove an up-to-date introduction to a great subject to ministers, art students, theological students, and all who love to look on the face of the Nazarene."

"What Pictures to See in America," by Lorinda M. Bryant (Lane; $2 net), arouses expectations which it does not at all fulfil. Nothing could be more useful than a thoroughgoing guide to painting in America, after the fashion of the Lafenestre manuals. But this book is by no means thorough. It makes no mention, for example, of the Walker Art Gallery, Brunswick, Me.; of Memorial Hall and the Fogg Museum, at Harvard; of the Wadsworth Athenæum, Hartford, Conn.; of the New York Historical Society, and the collections in the New York Public Library. It seems, in short, to be a desk compilation of a careless sort, and not the result of systematic inspection of galleries. The text is perfunctory and negligible; the two hundred cuts are about the only value in the book. Among errors sufficiently numerous we need only point out that Gardner Symons is not an original member of "The Ten."

Finance

SQUARING ENGLAND'S ACCOUNT.

War history is being written as rapidly in the money markets as on the battlefields of Europe. Nothing more extraordinary than the developments of the past fortnight in international exchange, for instance, has occurred in the money market since immediately after the outbreak of the war, and, though military and financial events are not to be compared, the effect of the fall in the rates of foreign exchange must inevitably be as far-reaching in its own way as any single part of the military campaigns.

At $4.64 on the pound, the price of sterling bills in the New York market compared with $4.76 last week and with a normal level of $4.867; French exchange at more than 6 francs on the dollar, and Italian exchange at 6½ lire on the dollar, each was far off from the normal rates of other years. Compared with the American dollar the pound sterling has been established at a discount of 4¾ per cent., the franc at a discount of 17 per cent., the lira at a discount of 25 per cent.

In Europe, as well as on this side of the Atlantic, bankers, keenly alive to the significance of these discounts, have for days talked of a possible large British credit at New York, against which bills of exchange could be drawn. Great Britain has never before issued a foreign loan, and such a thing at this time found strong objection at London recently, because it was looked upon as involving a confession of financial weakness. A week ago, indeed, the influence of these bankers manifested itself in rather dramatic form. Brought from London to Halifax on a war vessel and to New York by special express, $19,534,000 of gold reached Wall Street in payment of bills drawn here against London, for which London did not desire any extension of credit.

Since completing the £600,000,000 war loan last month, England's bankers were known to have devoted their attention to remedying the international credit machinery, which had been thrown so badly out of balance, and against England. But that they were contemplating record gold shipments here was not thought of; rather a banking credit or a thoroughgoing Government loan was thought possible.

For reasons known best to themselves, English bankers chose to see their country part with gold instead of negotiating a loan. That this market would take British credits up to a certain point had all the time been accepted as foregone. French and Russian credits were accepted. That credits even were offered is not unlikely. But the motor trucks drawn up at the Sub-Treasury last week embodied England's reply to any possible offer of credits. Plainly it had been "No, thank you, we'll pay gold."

As coming from proud Lombard Street, the central market of the world for centuries, there can be no cavilling at the magnificence of paying a foreign nation in gold now, when gold is so sorely needed at home. But are there not other considerations? Gen. Pierre Bosquet said of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava: "It is magnificent, but it is not war." To say the same of the gold shipments, without knowing all the circumstances and also without knowing the purpose of the millions of British-owned securities that came with the gold, would be premature. But gold is a precious thing in Europe to-day.

Granting a continuance of the war for some time to come, and a further growth of our unparalleled export trade of merchandise, what is likely to be the course of exchange? That is a question whose answer puzzles the imagination. Brakes against the decline might be imposed in a number of ways; England might sell more of its vast store of American securities; credits might be arranged with New York bankers for London account; extensive further shipments of gold might be made to this country; there might be a general rise in money values abroad, inducing American capital to seek employment there.

In any or all of these ways it would be possible to stem the fall in exchange on London. But he would be a rash man who should say that any one of them could definitely check the fall in progress. It is an economic proposition that, if England sends enough gold, present sterling rates cannot endure. But enough gold might be an amount equal to England's purchases of munitions; manifestly so much cannot be sent.

Yet exchange is going down at an alarming pace. The largest single consignment of gold London ever sent came in last week, yet within a few days bills on London had gone from a discount of 2½ per cent. to a discount of nearly 5 per cent. Because of the huge purchases of munitions from our manufacturers, the demands for payment are extraordinary.

At this moment, London is planning to send gold to us from South Africa and Australia; further shipments by way of Halifax will probably be attempted. The question then is, Can England possibly finance the movement of war material, now that immense payments on contracts for munitions are coming due, unless much larger advances are obtained from this market, either through the sale of short-term paper or the negotiation of one or more direct loans? The answer cannot be long delayed.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Hueston, E. Prudence of the Parsonage. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Little, M. The Rose Coloured Room. Scribner. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Choate, Joseph H., and others. Sixty American Opinions on the War. London: Unwin.
Documents Relating to the Great War. London: Unwin. 1s. net.
Gross. C. Sources and Literature of English History. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Longmans, Green.
Hardy, The Rev. E. J. The British Soldier. London: Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
Hemingway, Alfred T. How to "Make Good." Kansas City, Mo.: Efficiency-Building Bureau.
Osborne, T. M. The Story of Canada Blackie. Dutton. $1 net.
Owen, S. G. Ovid's "Tristia" and "Epistulæ ex Ponto." Oxford University Press.
Short, Wallace M. The Deeper Meaning of the "Temperance" Question. Kansas City, Mo.: The Hyde Park Press.
Stone, Eustace H. Quick Rifle Training for National Defence. London: Unwin. 1s. net.
The Incendium Amoris of Richard Rolle of Hampole. Edited by M. Deanesly. Longmans, Green.
Towns, C. B. Habits that Handicap. Century. $1.20 net.
Triana, S. Perez. Some Aspects of the War. London: Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
Tweney, C. F. Dictionary of Naval and Military Terms. London: Unwin.
Walton, I., and Cotton, C. The Compleat Angler. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Rees, T. The Holy Spirit in Thought and Experience. Scribner. 75 cents net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Administrative Reorganization and Constructive Work in the Government of the City of New York. Henry Bruère, Chamberlain.
Darling, J. R. Darling on Trusts. Neale. $1.50 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Flagg, I. Circe. Privately printed.
Lawren, J. Sanctuary. Courage. The Voice. Boston: E. S. Everett.

TEXTBOOKS.

Bloomfield, M. Readings in Vocational Guidance. Boston: Ginn. $2.25 net.
Lomer, G. R. Writings of To-day. Century.

POETRY.

Dobell, B. The Close of Life. The Approach of Death. Privately printed.
Wells, P. W. Lilies of the Valley. Bartlett Pub. Co.

SCIENCE.

Child, C. M. Senescence and Rejuvenescence. University of Chicago Press.
Elliott, H. P. Direct by Mail Advertising. Cambridge, Mass.: The Elliott Co.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Beresford, J. D. H. G. Wells. Holt. 50 cents net.
Darton, F. J. H. Arnold Bennett. Holt. 50 cents net.
George, J. Z. The Political History of Slavery in the U. S. Neale. $3 net.
George, W. L. Anatole France. Holt. 50 cents net.

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